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THE

## SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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## REDISTRIBUTION.

TWO great contests marked the history of the Reform Bill in the early part of this week. There was the great fight on Mr. LAING's amendment, and there was the great fight about Durham University. By a small majority the House rejected the claim of the large towns to have a third member; and, after a series of divisions and a scene of confusion in which the whole House seemed to have gone mad, the poor little light of Durham was snuffed out by a majority of seven. In itself, the proposal of Mr. LAING was excellent. The six largest provincial towns of England ought unquestionably to have more than two members each. It is true that the argument from mere numbers fails, for London always spoils every numerical calculation. If Liverpool ought to have more members simply because the constituency is so large and will be so enormous, Marylebone has a still stronger claim. We can only attend, in discussing Reform, to facts as they really exist, and not as they look on paper. Luton is, we believe, the largest unrepresented town in any of those Southern counties which are not to receive additional members. Here is a fine special claim for a town to have, and yet to give a member to Luton is practically a joke almost equal to that of tacking Durham on to London University. To increase the representation of the six towns selected by Mr. LAING was quite in harmony with the spirit of a true Reform Bill. For these towns have, with perhaps the one exception of Bristol, a real distinct life of their own, and are each unlike other parts of England, so far as having a special character goes, and separate interests of their own, and yet are sufficiently like the numerous smaller towns of the same general kind to be adequate representatives of English commerce and trade. They almost always elect good members, men who know what their constituents want, who are energetic and able, take a fair share in the discussion of the great questions of the day, and carry with them the influence which properly attends on the representation of constituencies so important. Mistakes will occur, and it is probably a matter of some wonder to most Manchester men in what sense Mr. EDWARD JAMES can be said to represent them. There is nothing like going to startling extremes to make a sensation, and the announcement from one of its members that Manchester did not want any more members showed that Mr. JAMES is not deficient in a sort of dry humour. He had the satisfaction of being taken literally by his colleague, who jumped up in an agony of indignation and excitement, and protested that Manchester considered that six members would be no more than its due. The day must come when, if Manchester does not get six members, it must have more than two, and it is to be regretted that the increase has not been made now. That really large, important, and characteristic constituencies should be adequately represented is equally desirable whether the constituencies are those of boroughs or counties. Mr. DISRAELI argued the case as if it were a question between counties and towns; but this, if true at all, was only true in consequence of the peculiar mode in which the Bill has been shaped. The large towns and the counties really stand on exactly the same ground, and the only reason why it is easier to deal with the counties is that they are more easily divisible. It is not difficult to cut a slice out of the centre of Kent and call it Mid-Kent, but it is difficult to have South and North and Mid-Liverpool. The claims of these large towns are to be distinguished from those of the Northern towns of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants which are to be enfranchised by the present Bill. It is most important that towns of this sort, which are always full of character, energy, and enterprise, should be represented, and an additional member given to Liverpool or Manchester would not represent them. But if the few towns of very great size are compared with the counties, then it is seen that the arguments for giving more members to the one class are equally forcible for giving more

members to the other. They are at once big, representative of great interests and of a varied population, and they are tolerably sure to send fair members, with some liberality and some apprehension of the great width, scope, and difficulty of political questions. To have failed to give more members to these towns is to have sacrificed the small boroughs without attaining one of the principal objects for which it was worth while that small boroughs should be sacrificed. We have not got all we ought to have got, and might have reasonably hoped to get, from our bargain, and it is poor comfort to be told that some day or other matters will be put on their proper footing.

But the fates were unpropitious. The whole question of doing justice to these large towns got mixed up with alien questions which put it in a thoroughly wrong light. Mr. LAING proposed to get six more members for them, and he proposed to get these six seats by grouping small boroughs. There was a difficulty at once. The issue whether Liverpool was to have a third member became involved with the issue whether boroughs were to be grouped. The two things could not be looked at apart. Mr. LAING did not wish, nor could he have had any chance of success if he had wished, to gain additional members to the large towns at the expense either of the boroughs selected for enfranchisement by the Government or of the counties. He was therefore obliged to carry disfranchisement further, and, if he had been free to act, he might have proposed either to disfranchise altogether six of the smallest boroughs or to take away the second member from six of the boroughs that still return two. But either proposal would have awakened bitter hostility, and although the Government possibly might have overborne this hostility, a private member was obliged to shrink from encountering it. There was therefore nothing left but to propose to get the requisite seats by grouping; and grouping is in England a thoroughly bad system, because it destroys the only power of usefulness which small boroughs have. If small boroughs neither permit a special interest like that of the Roman Catholics to be represented, nor enable men of no local influence to get into Parliament, nor give an opening to men of great ability through the door of patronage, what good can they do? And no Roman Catholic, nor enterprising stranger, nor able young protégé would have the faintest chance of getting in for a group. It was a great pity that this most serious consideration stood in the way of allotting their fair share of representation to the large towns; but this was not all, nor was it the gravest obstacle. There was something still more telling against giving a third member to Liverpool and Manchester. The proposal to give this third member was virtually coupled with a proposal to make this third member a member, not for Liverpool or Manchester, but for an insignificant section of the constituencies of those towns. There was no real reason whatever why, if Liverpool was to have a third member, this increase of representation should be coupled with the cumulative vote and the representation of minorities. But, as a matter of fact, the two things were coupled together, and the most decisive way of getting rid of the cumulative vote was to reject Mr. LAING's amendment. And, much to be lamented as it is that those large towns are not to have justice done them, it is far better that they should remain as they are than that they should return a third member at the cost of losing political life and influence, as they must lose it if there is to be no contest of opinion in them, no earnest expression of views, no battle in which the victors not only win the victory, but can use it when they win it. To pick out these great constituencies, and to inflict on them the task of representing minorities, is to paralyse them and render them powerless for good. And in whose interest is this to be done? There is always some new class of sufferers who want protecting. Lately, it was the masters who wanted the cumulative vote to protect them against the

men; now it appears it is the poor Liberals who want protecting against the Conservatives. It is discovered that the effect of a Reform Bill which has been wholly set on foot by the agitation of the Liberals will be to return Conservatives for large towns, and so the Liberals are to have a special contrivance for repairing part of the damage they have done to themselves. What can be more foolish or unfair? The masses are to have political power in their hands; and if they like Conservatives best, why should they not be free to make the choice they prefer?

The House therefore acted perhaps wisely in rejecting Mr. LAING's amendment, and most certainly it acted wisely in rejecting the extraordinary proposal to make the representation of London University absurd by coupling it with a scheme for giving votes to the obscure graduates of a theological college. Durham is all very well in its quiet way, and is of about as much importance, does as much good, and is about as well known as one of the better-class Oxford Colleges of the second rank. Mr. TREVELYAN put the proposal in its true light when he suggested that, if Durham was to be tacked on to anything, it had better be tacked on to Oxford. There would be nothing in the least incongruous in uniting the two, for they would want exactly the same sort of member. It cannot be said that the Universities represent intellect or learning. They do not send intellectual or learned men to Parliament; or if they do occasionally return such a man, they first worry his life out, and then dismiss him. What they represent is the union of good education and high respectability. This is a very good thing in its way, but there is quite enough of it in the House of Commons. It is a great mistake to think that the Universities are learned bodies, or care at all for learning. Nineteenths of the voters have been trained, and have always lived, in an habitual dislike to intellectual truth. This is not perhaps to their discredit. Men of routine play a most useful part in the world, but because there are from time to time a few honest, learned, and original men at the Universities, it is a complete mistake to think that it is they who give the character to the Universities. On the contrary, it is one of the most conspicuous and constant duties of University authorities to keep affixing the seal of the University to petitions against all measures which the men who do the real work of the place favour or originate. Four members to represent this mode of thinking and acting are surely enough; and, if Durham graduates would like to have the feeble pleasure of voting for these four members, or any of them, they may perhaps some day get what they wish. But London University has a separate and distinct existence. If it represents anything it is education and learning, and if there is anything it does not represent it is the clerical world, and the clerical school of thought, and the clerical longing for safe respectability. Durham is one thing, and London another. Durham is what artists call in the style of the old masters; London is quite modern. Durham keeps its graduates strictly within the fold of the Church of England; London knows nothing of creeds. Durham is scarcely so much known as St. Bees; London is known wherever the English language is spoken. Not that it or its ways are looked on favourably by any great number of people; but it exists, and succeeds, and represents one most important and distinct principle, good or bad—the possibility of separating secular learning from religious instruction. In the excitement of his struggle to befriend Durham, Mr. MOWBRAY offered, or seemed to offer, that Durham, if it could but have about a one-fifth share in a member of Parliament, would give up its distinct character, and go in for a variety of creeds like its big friend. But this was too absurd, and it was obvious either that the offer was unauthorized, or that the University was one of the oddest little institutions ever heard of. Mr. MOWBRAY had, therefore, to be disowned by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and his spirited offer was quietly withdrawn. It was, however, only by the narrowest chance that his great scheme failed; for the pleasure of disappointing and affronting the University of London was too sweet to be easily neglected by those who view it with something of a clerical horror, or with the contempt of the older Universities for a new and newfangled institution.

#### THE LUXEMBURG GUARANTEE.

THE controversy which has arisen as to the effect of the Luxembourg guarantee is rather theoretical and historical than practically important. The most convincing part of Lord STANLEY's speech in answer to Mr. LABOUCHERE consisted in his exposition of the immediate consequences which would

have followed from a refusal to undertake a contingent and remote liability. Although neither France nor Prussia desired war, both countries were in a state of irritable excitement, and it would have been almost impossible for the Governments to have receded from their ultimate demands. The Emperor of the FRENCH insisted on the evacuation of the fortress of Luxemburg, while the King of PRUSSIA would not submit to dictation, although he might be willing to negotiate on receiving an ostensible consideration for the sacrifice. The mediation of the neutral Powers was useful in furnishing opportunities for discussion, and for proposals which neither principal in the dispute would have been willing to offer; but the arbitration and good offices of Great Powers cannot be confined to the irresponsible intervention by friendly bystanders in a private quarrel. A petty Dukedom or a Swiss Canton is competent to give good advice, but it is only a considerable potentate who can add to his counsels a weight which is not derived from mere sagacity or honesty. As Prussia required a concession on the part of the mediating Powers as an indispensable condition of peace, it was necessary for the English Minister to consider whether he could acquiesce in the failure of the negotiation, on his own admission that he was an unauthorized volunteer. The right of maintaining a garrison in Luxemburg might be sold for an adequate price, but in the face of French menaces it could not be given away. A parchment protection of the province was a colourable substitute, and Austria, Russia, and even Italy agreed without hesitation to become responsible for the perpetual neutrality of the district. The two days during which Lord STANLEY reserved his consent to the proposal left the question of peace or war absolutely open. As Lord STANLEY himself said, a final refusal would have provoked from all Europe a complaint that the selfishness of England alone had prevented a settlement; nor would Continental politicians have failed to draw the inference that backwardness in peace-making proceeded from malignant and astute calculations rather than from excessive caution. It is to this day a popular belief in Spain that England engaged in the Peninsular war for the purpose of destroying some imaginary manufacture at Madrid. The charge of having involved France and Germany in war for the promotion of English industry and commerce would have been more plausible, although it would have been utterly unjust. No wise statesman is habitually guided by fear of misconstruction at the hands of foreigners, but the general effect of any course of action on public opinion may fairly be considered as an element of a grave decision.

To the guarantee itself Lord STANLEY entertained strong objections. He has always been an advocate of neutrality and of abstinence from European complications, nor is he disposed to dissent from Mr. LABOUCHERE's opinion that guarantees are generally contrivances for escaping from present embarrassment at the cost of greater evil in the future. A Government which warrants the tenure or the neutrality of a province is in the condition of a friendly indorser of a bill. The immediate service which is performed costs nothing, but the sacrifice ought to be estimated on the assumption that the liability will actually attach. In 1815, and even after 1830, guarantees were given with undue readiness, because it was supposed that the majority of Great Powers would always be ready and able to combine against a wanton aggressor. In 1839 the articles relating to Luxemburg were declared to have the same force as if they had been inserted in the body of the treaties, "and thus to be under the 'guarantee of the Sovereigns';" yet, as Mr. BERNARD has shown in his letters on the Luxemburg Conference, the guarantee which was thus indirectly created had no existence in the text of the treaty. It would be evidently absurd to consider that all parties to international compacts undertake on all occasions to enforce the conditions which have once been arranged. Every Power which concludes a treaty has a right to go to war in vindication of the smallest of its provisions; but, as the same right or power exists without any condition except the will of the belligerent, the security thus provided for the performance of national obligations has but little efficacy. There was no treaty which compelled France to demand, or Prussia to refuse, the evacuation of Luxemburg. Any nation which thinks fit to consider itself injured, insulted, or menaced has a right to assert its pretensions by war, with no appeal except to superior force.

It is difficult to reconcile Lord STANLEY's repugnance to the Luxembourg guarantee with his statement that the obligations of 1839 have been but slightly increased. If England was already bound to maintain the right of the GRAND DUKE to the possession of the province, the ambiguous duty of maintaining its neutrality seems to be superfluous and immaterial. The condition



of a neutral territory has never been intelligibly defined, nor is there any marked difference between the position of Belgium or Switzerland and the practical neutrality of any minor State which habitually abstains from quarrelling with its neighbours. If Switzerland were attacked, the whole population would be in arms, and resistance would only be prevented by an overwhelming force. Luxemburg will not go to war; and if the Great Powers defend its neutrality, they will at the same time be fighting for the rights of the Grand Duchy. The most probable case to which the guarantee would be applicable is the occupation of the Duchy in time of war by a French or German army. If the engagements undertaken at the Conference have any meaning, it would be the duty of Russia, Austria, and England to treat the passage of a foreign army through Luxemburg as an act of war against themselves. As Prussia demanded the guarantee, it must be supposed that the neutral Powers intended only to raise a barrier against the possible ambition of France. In so great a collision, it might seem a trivial question whether one of the armies in the field took a shorter or longer road into the enemy's country; but Prussia, on condition of abstaining from a violation of the neutral territory, would be entitled to call on the neutral Powers to enforce similar abstinence on France. In such a case it would be more onerous to guarantee neutrality than to be merely responsible for the maintenance of territorial possession. It is a simpler matter to resist an ejection than to prohibit casual trespass.

There was some doubt whether Lord STANLEY had been rightly understood as reducing the guarantee, which caused him so much anxiety, to the empty form of a moral sanction afforded to a convenient arrangement. The contract, according to his interpretation, was exclusively collective, so that any one of the guaranteeing Powers might destroy the whole value of the covenant by refusing to concur in the performance of the common duty. Lord DERBY has more explicitly adopted Lord STANLEY's theory, and Lord RUSSELL and Lord CLARENDON concur in his interpretation. If, however, the intentions of the Conference are correctly explained, the demand of Prussia and the hesitation of England are equally unintelligible. An undertaking to defend a province in concert with four allies, on condition that all of them redeem their obligations in good faith, might be applicable to a case of possible aggression on the part of a sixth Power which was a stranger to the transaction. After the great war, it was certain that England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia would have acted in concert if France had attempted to encroach on the territory of the King of the NETHERLANDS. Luxemburg is only in danger from France or from Prussia; and consequently, if Lord STANLEY's theory is to be literally accepted, any violation of neutrality which is likely to occur would of itself annihilate the security which was to render aggression impossible or dangerous. Lord STANLEY probably intended to confine his remarks to the possible case of a refusal of one of the neutral guarantors to join with England in enforcing the observance of the Treaty of London. It would, of course, be impossible for England to protect Luxemburg, or any other European province, against a great Continental Power, without the aid of an ally; but in the supposed case either France or Germany would be already in arms against the wrongdoer. It is unfortunate that official doubt should be thrown on the validity or utility of a guarantee which was given under strong moral pressure with full deliberation. It is plain that Prussia must have attached some importance to the undertaking which at first appeared to Lord STANLEY himself unduly onerous. The practical impediments which might prevent the discharge of the proposed duty may conveniently be left to the discretion of future Governments.

#### VOTING PAPERS.

THE discussion on the clause permitting the use of voting papers was creditable to the House, and certainly the conduct of the House has lately been such that anything to its credit deserves notice. The question was thoroughly argued out, and if party motives were at work, as they always will be, yet there was as great a disposition to look at the matter fairly as could be expected. Much, as every one allowed, was to be said on both sides; and although we think the better opinion prevailed, yet the able speech of Lord CRANBORNE showed how cogent were the arguments that might be adduced in favour of the losing side. If the convenience of the voter is to be considered, and if the voter is an honest man, with clear political views and a perfectly independent position, it is in every way comfortable and conve-

nient to make the drawing-room of a friend or neighbour his polling-booth. He has no worry, or expense, or trouble. He can choose his day, he can vote without any one noticing that he votes, and he can go leisurely to vote at the magistrate's house, as pleasantly as if he were going to lunch there. The argument from the convenience of the voter does indeed lead more or less directly to the adoption of the ballot, for a very large proportion of electors would find the ballot a comfort to them. But this is only an objection that can weigh with those who think the ballot a very bad thing, whereas a large portion of the opposition to voting papers came from those with whom the virtues of the ballot are a favourite article of their political creed. Then, again, as Lord CRANBORNE expressly said, the adoption of voting papers would be advantageous to the landed gentry, and there is no reason why they should not have an advantage if they are fairly entitled to it. The power of the landed gentry has been hitherto too great, and we believe that the present Reform Bill will do something to lessen it. But it is one thing to reduce generally an excess of political power in the hands of a class, and another to place obstructions in the way of that power being exercised which is permitted to remain with that class. The adoption of voting papers would benefit the landed gentry in two ways. It would lessen the expenses of elections, and it is desirable they should be reduced, for otherwise only the very great proprietors can afford to be candidates; and, secondly, it would be in favour of the rural as against the urban portions of the county constituencies. The county voters in the small towns are sure to have a polling-booth close at their doors, and they need not waste a whole day in voting, nor fatigue themselves, as rural voters often must, by travelling miles from their homes to vote. So far the adoption of voting papers would be to the gain, not only of the landed gentry generally, but to that of Conservative as against Liberal candidates. The county members, and especially the Conservative county members, had an interest in the clause being carried. But why should not their interests be consulted, so long as they only get what is fair? It is easier for Liberal electors in towns to vote than for Conservative voters in villages to vote. There is no good reason why this should continue if any proper machinery can be invented to put both parties on an equally fair footing. The villager and the townsman have an equal right to vote, and their votes are of equal value, and it is therefore very undesirable that physical difficulties should be suffered to make the voter in a remote village far less able and disposed to vote than a shopman is who has but to go a few yards to a polling-booth.

But unfortunately there is a peculiarity in our system of county elections. A man, to have a county vote, need not have anything to do with the county, nor ever come near it except at election times. He may have a scrap of land or a tiny rent-charge, and this may give him a perpetual right to vote. This is a very bad thing, for it takes away from representation its local character. Mr. DISRAELI, having to make out as good a case for the Government proposal as he could, attempted to defend the practice on the ground that, although the man was absent, his property was there, and it was his property that ought to be represented. The obvious reply is, that a member of Parliament represents, not things, but men. He is the nominee of those persons who live in a particular locality, and every voter who can vote at all has a vote of equal virtue. The vote of the man with ten thousand a year weighs no more than the vote of the poor forty-shilling freeholder. To the general rule that members represent the inhabitants of a given locality, there is, however, one exception. The electors of a University are its graduates, and the degree is, in nine cases out of ten, the end of the residence at the University of the person taking it. Non-residence may be said to be inherent in a University constituency, for the qualification is bestowed as a sign that the University has fitted the graduate to reside elsewhere. There was, therefore, a good show of reason for introducing voting papers into the elections for the Universities, and the experiment has worked very well. It was in a great measure through voting papers that Mr. HARDY was returned for Oxford, and no one can doubt that Mr. HARDY was the real choice of the University. Mr. GLADSTONE was as unsuitable a member as possible for the bulk of the non-resident graduates. These graduates are for the most part quiet, timid clergymen in remote county livings; and the first thing such people ask for is that they should be able to, as they say, understand their member. A very intelligible man is the man they want. They can quite understand Mr. HARDY, but they cannot pretend to understand Mr. GLADSTONE, and they dimly know that not only cannot

they understand him, but no one else can. That a country clergyman, whose vote was meant to be that of a non-resident, should get his way in a cheap and easy manner, and set his brain right by relieving himself of the task of having to try to account for Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct, is perfectly fair; but every other election except those for Universities ought to express the views of the majority of persons living in a district, unless a totally new system of representation is adopted, like that invented by Mr. HARE. As the law stands, not only may a man vote for a county in which he never resides, but he may have votes for fifty counties in which he does not reside. This is totally indefensible in theory, and the abuse is only protected by its antiquity. The law cannot be altered at present, but at any rate the mischief may be kept within its present limits. No new latitude need be given to non-resident voters. But voting papers would give them a totally new power, and greatly strengthen their position. It is some trouble going into a distant county to vote, and it is impossible to vote on the same day in two counties far from each other. But with voting papers the non-resident could vote comfortably for all the counties in which he had made his little purchases of land, and the process would be made so easy for him, and for those who followed his example, that non-residents might completely control an election, and a contest for a Northern county might be decided in a London drawing-room.

The gravest objection to voting papers is, however, that they would inevitably be used as an engine of oppression. That the practice would also open the door to fraud is quite true, but provisions might possibly be framed which would make fraud very difficult and dangerous. No such provisions were contained in the Government measure, and the criticism bestowed on the clause, as it was drawn, was quite justified. A clause, however, might perhaps be framed by which satisfactory precautions could be taken against personation, and against fraudulent dealing with the papers after signature. A great many of the objections urged by different speakers on Thursday night would, for example, be removed if it were provided that the voting paper, after signature, should remain in the possession of the magistrate, who should be bound to forward it to the returning officer. But it is difficult to see how any provisions could guard against the tyranny of agents over poor voters. At present, poor voters have the one resource of not voting at all. They can make some excuse for not going to the poll, and if they will not vote according to their convictions, they are at least so far conscientious that they will not vote against them. But a poor voter, if he were properly looked up and pestered and bullied by a rich man's agent, would have no peace unless he consented to go and sign his voting paper. He would have no support from that manifestation of public opinion on his side which, on the day of an open contest, gives spirit even to the reluctant and timid man. He would not feel as if he were doing an act of his own even when he was voting. He would be pounced on by, let us say, a Conservative agent, and he would be taken before a Conservative magistrate, and, in all the splendour of a Conservative drawing-room, he would be guided by the Conservative agent to sign the paper which the only two persons in the room with him strongly wished him to sign. As Mr. BRIGHT justly remarked, this is to introduce all the disadvantages of the ballot without any of its advantages. The voter no longer discharges a public duty in a public way. He is privately coerced in a private drawing-room; and at the same time he cannot have the satisfaction of baffling his tyrants, and humouring his conscience, as he might have if the ballot-box were there to screen him. Nor can we think that voting papers ought to be allowed simply as a protest against the violence and rudeness of election mobs. That the law is often powerless at election times is very lamentable, but the evil is to be met, not by giving way to the mobs and letting riot run its course, but by strengthening the law, and by honest and peaceable men endeavouring to have the law put in force. The consequence of adopting voting papers would be that election rows and riots would be twice as bad as they are now, for quiet well-to-do people would vote in each other's drawing-rooms, and the streets would be given up to the roughs. We know the worst of the present system, but we do not know the worst of a system under which the natural lovers of order would retire from public life at election time. The House wisely resolved not to rush into a change the advantages of which were not inconsiderable, but the evils of which could scarcely be estimated.

#### THE POPE AT HOME.

THE great ecclesiastical Exhibition at Rome will, in the judgment of enthusiasts, whether clerical or lay, dwarf the rival splendours of Paris. Collections of the products of secular industry and ingenuity are so far commonplace that they can at any time be organized by a Government possessed of ample resources. NAPOLEON III. has the advantage of a site for his Exhibition in the most splendid of modern cities, but Rome is more picturesque and richer in associations than Paris. The ceremonies which will be performed in honour of the assembled clergy, and with their assistance, are prescribed by old custom; and the performers have become perfect in their parts by lifelong repetition. Imagination, duly prepared by belief, is naturally excited by the celebration of the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. PETER; and it is wholly immaterial that sceptical critics in Germany or in Italy itself may doubt the chronological or historical accuracy of a consecrated tradition. Whether St. PETER was put to death in a particular method on a certain day is not a question of the smallest importance. Heretics who maintain that he was never Bishop of Rome, or even that he never visited the city which contains his venerated tomb, will scarcely expect a hearing for their cavils in the Roman Catholic world. The era from which all Christendom dates is confessedly inexact; nor are ancient records to be uniformly rejected because they refer to the building of the city of Rome, or to the return of the Heracleidae. Although ROMULUS may never have watched the flight of birds, there is a genuine Roman history. The records of Christian Rome also contain a mythical element; but there is no use in dissipating patriotic illusions. It would not have been prudent for contemporary historians to assert that the ruling race of the Peloponnesus was perhaps, after all, not really descended from HERCULES. The POPE, as he reviews the dignitaries who represent millions of his spiritual subjects, may well persuade himself that his power and dignity are still transcendent over earthly monarchs; and the paradox of his inability to govern one little corner of the earth, or to obtain the temporal aid of the most orthodox Government, will be forgotten while he receives the homage of a devoted hierarchy assembled from all parts of the world. The Irish emigration has supplied America itself with a numerous though transitory population of zealous adherents of Rome. In a second or third generation the Irish faith yields to the natural influence of democratic society and of popular education; but the natives of Ireland gladly proclaim their devotion to the chief of the ancient religion. The American prelates who are now visiting the threshold of the Apostles carry with them the most liberal contributions which will be offered by any country; and if one of the Archbishops returns with a Cardinal's hat, his co-religionists will think their sacrifices fully rewarded, while the multitude of American heretics will be pleased and amused by the transplantation of an exotic dignity into their democratic soil. England and Ireland may perhaps not be equally liberal of money, but no country will send more enthusiastic votaries of the common religion. The few Gallican prelates of France will probably abstain from incurring the risk of a chilling reception.

It is not known whether the assemblage of ecclesiastics is to furnish an opportunity for any measure of Church policy. The brevet promotion of new saints will excite little interest even in clerical minds. The Japanese martyrs of the last creation are probably little cultivated by worshippers, nor is it easy to feel enthusiasm for new claimants of celestial honours. The most conspicuous part of the Roman spectacle will be the display of obedient unanimity and of absolute submission to the authority of the Holy See. Modern Roman Catholic writers justly boast that the effect of revolution and of apostasy has been to discountenance religious variety and local independence. After eighty years from the beginning of the troubles in France, the Gallican spirit of resistance to Rome is confined to a few of the bolder and more intelligent clergy. The secularization of Church property has, by lowering the social position of the priesthood, necessarily concentrated their ambition on the aggrandizement of Rome at the expense of an unappreciative world. The English and Irish prelates disclaim all pretensions to national independence in ecclesiastical matters, and Italy alone contains a large clerical minority which is openly or secretly disaffected to Rome. If unity, or uniformity, is a source of strength, as it is a satisfaction of Papal aspirations, the Roman Catholic Church must be in a sounder condition now than in any former generation. Its pretensions were scarcely higher in the days of the mediæval GREGORYS and



INNOCENTS, and they are now far more universally accepted by the faithful than in the days of HENRY II. of England, or of FREDERICK BARBAROSSA. In the good old times there were no organized and flourishing heresies in Western Europe to cement by opposition the bonds of orthodoxy. In a later and more civilized age, the Church had identified itself with the cause of royalty, and its higher functionaries shared the blood and the habits of the aristocracy. But the clergy of the present day are generally of humble origin; devotion to the POPE is now perfectly safe, except in Poland; and in almost every country a leaning to the Holy See involves the mild excitement of political opposition. By a singular though superficial felicity, Catholicism has become fashionable without ceasing to be democratic. No French lady of good position can afford to disregard religious duties which are indispensable conditions of entrance into privileged circles, and even among men of the higher ranks a decorous respect to established doctrines is one of the elements of conventional good breeding. Open rebellion is almost entirely confined to a portion of the middle-classes, while the peasantry in many districts are sincerely attached to their traditional creed. It is more difficult to maintain due belief in the hierarchy among Italians, who have for centuries regarded the POPE and the prelate with the familiar indifference of relatives and neighbours; but in Italy, as elsewhere, the clergy are generally poor, and celibacy renders discipline comparatively practicable and easy. One recalcitrant Cardinal has disturbed the apparent harmony which has hitherto prevailed among the higher ranks of the clergy; but probably Cardinal ANDREA will obey the summons to Rome, and any patriotic leanings which may be found among Italian prelates will be suppressed during the continuance of the festival.

Some speculators on ecclesiastical affairs have conjectured that the POPE intends, after the completion of the ceremonies, to convert the assembled prelate into an ecumenical Council; nor is it improbable that the revival of an ancient custom might please the fancy of PIUS IX. An absolute sovereign, confident in the ready acquiescence of courtiers and subjects, may safely try constitutional experiments which would, under other circumstances, be dangerous. Before the Russian campaign, NAPOLEON I. found his Senate and his Tribunal useful instruments; and in a far humbler rank among potentates the new King of EGYPT has thought that a little Parliament would add lustre to his reign and dynasty. A consultative assembly which always does what it is told flatters the vanity and the liberalism of an irresponsible ruler, nor can it be doubted that a Council of Rome would at this moment register any decrees which the POPE might deign to submit to its approval. A partially similar proceeding has already taken place, for all the bishops of Roman Catholic Christendom were directed to collect the opinions of their respective dioceses on the new dogma which was about to be erected into an article of faith. As if for the purpose of keeping up the illusion, a few prelates ventured to express a doubt of the expediency or necessity of the impending revelation; but on the whole, the councillors of the POPE, in their individual capacity, justified his anticipations of their ready conformity with his will. If it is thought desirable to protect the temporal power or the spiritual prerogative of the POPE by the more formal sanction of a Council, there will be as little risk of opposition at Rome as at Cairo. It is well known that, by some oversight, the infallibility of the POPE has never yet been authoritatively declared; and it is even possible that a certain delicacy might prevent the proclamation of such a dogma, unless it were affirmed by a solemn Council. There might, indeed, be a kind of inconsistency in the appeal of an infallible ruler to any external witness; and a Council which virtually declared itself superfluous might be accused of suicidal imprudence. As, however, the POPE claims the exclusive right of summoning a Council, the hierarchy loses nothing by the exercise once for all of a privilege gratuitously conceded. It is more probable that PIUS IX. will shrink from even a momentary abdication of supreme power than that the Bishops would take advantage of an exceptional burst of independence. In the middle ages, and especially in the century which preceded the Reformation, the Popes regarded with horror and alarm the demands which secular princes frequently preferred for the assemblage of a Council. The packed Council of Trent served the purpose of the POPE by confirming and enlarging his powers, but it has generally been supposed that the risk of popular discussion was not to be again incurred. HENRY VIII. did everything which has since been denounced as irregular by Acts of Parliament, but his successors found that a supreme legislative authority, which has once been recognised for

special purposes, is not easily displaced. Whatever ecclesiastical business may be transacted at Rome will in no degree concern the outside world of schismatics.

#### MR. DISRAELI AND HOUSEHOLD SUFFRAGE.

THE habit recently adopted by Mr. DISRAELI, of laying claim to the parentage of every idea on the subject of Reform which the present House of Commons is prepared to sanction by its vote, is calculated to make men forget the antecedents of Mr. DISRAELI himself. When he boasts, in effect, of being the original inventor of the theory of territorial democracy, and puts forward household suffrage as a Conservative measure, it is high time to remind him that he is practising on the credulity of his audience. Nobody denies that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER began life, as he seems disposed to end it, in the borrowed garments of Radicalism. The reason of his adoption of the illusory costume was obvious. Mr. DISRAELI hates, and has always inveighed against, the Whigs. And so shrewd an observer of men and events arrived very soon at the conclusion that the Tories alone were no match for a party equal to themselves in social influence, superior to them at that time in administrative talent, and far ahead of them in sympathy with the great masses of the English people. He saw at an early period in his career that the sole way to crush the Whigs was to outbid them. And so far he deserves, from the outset, the credit of a design to unite the lower classes with the country gentlemen of England in a political conspiracy against the power and privileges of the middle-classes. If the North of England and the South had been districts of a similar character, if there had been no wide divergence between the agricultural and the manufacturing population, Mr. DISRAELI would from the first have been a member of the much-abused Manchester school. Unfortunately, it has happened that the South of England is separated from the North of England in almost as conspicuous a degree as is the case in America. The multitudes of the populous Northern towns have little in common with the large landowners. They know nothing of them, they are not subject to the influence of their rank and their position, and any vast concession of power to the labouring classes in the Northern counties or the Northern boroughs was only destined to result in a strengthening of the hands of the great Whigs. In spite of all his theories, Mr. DISRAELI saw accordingly that it was impossible for him to be a Conservative and a Radical at once. He ingeniously adopted a position more favourable to the interests of his party. He became a quasi-Radical. To the extension of the suffrage he has not objected, but the extension which he has always approved is an extension which would enure to the benefit of the country squires and the landowners. A territorial democracy, though the name is a delusive one, was, as he perceived, by no means identical with an urban or municipal democracy. The two things are as distinct as the feudal system centuries ago was from the municipal. Extend the power of the million in great towns, and you increase the political authority of the middle-classes. On the other hand, an extension of the suffrage in county or rural constituencies is a measure which may be attempted without impairing the position of the county element. A quasi-Radical, so far from being a Radical, is diametrically the reverse. He is the rival and enemy of Radicalism, as the term is usually employed; but, by a sophistical confusion of the two antagonistic ideas, Mr. DISRAELI, through his long and chequered Parliamentary career, has managed to persuade a considerable number of spectators that, while he is a Tory to all outward appearances, he is Liberal at heart.

The true criterion of Mr. DISRAELI's views is supplied by the attitude he has always assumed towards the middle-class. We have never accepted the theory that the middle-class is anything except a rude and imperfect depositary of political power. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in proportion as political privileges have been placed within its reach, the cause of good government in England has visibly advanced. The Reform Bill of 1832 destroyed the preponderance of the agricultural interests, and made territorial democracy impossible. It is for this very reason that we enjoy Free Trade, peace, and religious toleration. It is for this very reason that Mr. DISRAELI has consistently abused it. His notion of England is that we ought to be a nation of peasants, following country gentlemen on all occasions to the poll. Since 1832 this splendid Utopian picture has vanished out of sight. But it has always been the visionary dream

of the author of *Sibyl* to bring it back again. With this view he has indefatigably opposed every measure of Reform conceived in the spirit of the first Reform Bill. It would be ridiculous to assume that, in framing the Government Bill of the present Session, he has abandoned the whole creed of his lifetime. It is true that he has been driven to accept the principle of household suffrage, or, in other words, of a vertical extension in all English boroughs of the Parliamentary franchise. The question is, with what qualifications and modifications he has accepted it. He has given the inch demanded of him, but it remains to be seen whether he has not taken an ell. In order to arouse ourselves thoroughly to his proceedings, it is desirable to see how far his professions of invariable adherence to the principle of household suffrage are borne out by his past speeches. If, up to the present period, he has repeatedly, contrary to his recent declarations, attacked and condemned household suffrage in the abstract, it will become tolerably clear that, in now adopting it, he has some counterpoises in the background by which he hopes to recoup himself and his party for the adoption of what he has hitherto professed to dislike.

Mr. DISRAELI merits some praise for the extreme caution with which, in most of his speeches, especially his earliest, he has discussed the question of Reform. In this, as in other matters, he has played a long game. When he controverted Mr. HUME's views in 1852, it is curious to remark the prescience and the prudence with which he spoke. From that time to the present he has continually protested against the doctrine that Conservatives were unfavourable to Reform. His public declarations at that period of his life are skillful enough, framed, it would now almost seem, to conceal from his party the possible lengths to which he was prepared to advance. The scheme which he has this Session propounded might doubtless have been accepted by him without inconsistency fifteen years ago. And if Mr. DISRAELI had done nothing since 1852 to commit himself to more dogmatic opinions, he might justify, by reference to the pages of *Hansard*, the sweeping and extraordinary changes of which he has at last become the progenitor. But Mr. DISRAELI, unfortunately for his reputation, has not stood still since 1852. And every step he has taken since that date has been in a direction diametrically opposed to the plan which he now asserts to be the deliberate design of his career. Judged by his earlier ebullitions, the Bill of 1867 might pass muster. But, placed by the side of the Conservative propositions of 1859, it is nothing less than an outrageous and astounding abandonment of the position into which he allowed himself to drift, and into which he induced his followers to drift with him. The current of events moves in these times so rapidly that the back volumes of *Hansard* are as little consulted or regarded in politics as if they were Year Books. It is only when a gross and unfounded claim to consistency is unblushingly put forward that they rise into importance. Mr. DISRAELI, however, has challenged inquiry. He cannot complain if he is taken at his word. And a very little examination is sufficient to prove that the physician who now propounds household suffrage as a Conservative recipe, seven years ago used all his powers of argument to prove that household suffrage was an evil and a delusion.

In the spring of 1859 it became his duty, as CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, to introduce a Bill for the Reform of the Representation of the People. And on this occasion Mr. DISRAELI argued vehemently against a rating franchise. He defended at length the principle of the hard and fast line. A value qualification then appeared to him unassailable in theory and superior in practice. He inveighed against the "coarse and common expedient of lowering the franchise in towns." He described the injudicious and intolerable folly of which those were guilty who proposed to reform Parliament by securing the predominance of "a household democracy." He looked on "what is called the reduction of the franchise in boroughs with alarm," and he had never yet met "with any argument which fairly encountered the objections urged to it." "You cannot encounter it," he said, "by sentimental assertions of the good qualities of the working-classes. The greater their good qualities the greater their danger." The downward step to household suffrage, against which he conceived the maintenance of a 10*l.* value qualification to be the best security, he held to be synonymous with the introduction of democratic elements of which he traced the consequences. In 1860 he moved a step further in the same path. The time, in his opinion, had come to point out the serious dangers of the extension of the franchise then proposed. The working-classes,

he told the House, had already begun to display a dangerous capacity for political organization, and he warned Parliament against giving a predominance to men who were certain to take advantage of the gift. From 1860 till the present year his tone was uniformly to the same effect. He invented, as everybody will recollect, the theory of a lateral as opposed to a vertical extension of the suffrage. He attacked the notion of a "gross and indiscriminate reduction" calculated to remould the institutions of the country on an American model. It is not till the Session of 1867 that he dons once more his gay and youthful dress of a revolutionist.

With antecedents of this description staring him in the face, it is inconceivable how any leader of an assembly of English gentlemen can have the hardihood to pretend that he is the father of Radical Reform. Mr. DISRAELI may in 1867 have veered slowly round to the doctrines to which he nailed his colours when he was a boy, but he has boxed the entire political compass in the interval. One thing is too obvious to be denied. Either Mr. DISRAELI's present professions of consistency are unwarrantable, or his political conduct during the last seven years has been a deception. We do not recollect that Sir ROBERT PEEL, when he abandoned Protection, laid claim to have been the primitive patentee of the theory of Free Trade; or that the Duke of WELLINGTON, when he consented to emancipate the Catholics, ever maintained that the principle of Catholic Emancipation had always been the one object of his life. There is, however, one explanation which does justice to Mr. DISRAELI's consistency, at the expense (it is true) of his ingenuousness. Perhaps it is not impossible that the Household Suffrage Bill which he gives with one hand is meant to be counterbalanced by the scheme of redistribution which he proffers as its price. If so, household democracy may yet be avoided or adjourned. We wish we could feel convinced that its rival—the territorial democracy of which Mr. DISRAELI may desire hereafter to be considered the parent—was likely to be a more moral or a less corrupt system.

#### THE SHEFFIELD COMMISSION.

IT is quite an error to suppose that the inquiry which commenced its proceedings at Sheffield on June 3 is subsidiary to the Trades' Union Commission now sitting in London. One is the Sheffield Trades' Outrage Commission, and has a specific, while the other has a general, purpose. Mr. OVEREND, the Chief Commissioner, made the object of the Sheffield investigation plain. It is to examine into certain acts of intimidation, outrage, and even murder which have been committed at Sheffield within the last ten years, and to ascertain whether they have been promoted, instigated, encouraged, or connived at by the Trades' Unions. The inquiry was courted by men as well as masters. There was a formal allegation, on the one part, that a Commission would prove that the officers, if not the general body, of the Unions either had hired, or had guilty knowledge of, the offenders; while on the part of the Unions this imputation was indignantly denied. It is quite true, as Mr. OVEREND observed, that the main purpose of the inquiry is not so much to investigate the offences, or to detect the offenders, as to establish or refute the alleged connexion of the Unions with the crimes. But it is equally true that at Sheffield the masters are not impugning the right of artisans to combine in their own interest and for their own purposes. The London Commission may report entirely in favour of strikes and the present system; but at Sheffield what the world is concerned with is not whether Trades' Unions are good or bad, whether it is politic or not to regulate them, or whether they are transitional stages to something better, but simply whether to certain quasi-corporate bodies can be brought home the commission of deliberate and organized crimes against society which render society impossible. Rattening, and robbery, and firing at employers from a hedge, and blowing up and murdering obnoxious fellow-workmen, are one thing; the policy of a society calling itself euphemistically a Benefit Society, most of whose funds are expended in launching and supporting strikes, is another.

The *Beehive*, that is, "the organ of the industrial interests," evidently and naturally enough, takes the alarm. The line adopted is curious. Sheffield is an exceptional and remarkable place. Everything in Hallamshire is full-blown and in excess. MONTGOMERY and EBENEZER ELLIOTT were much ahead of everybody else, though in different lines. Sheffield drunkenness and Sheffield revivals, Sheffield rowdiness and Sheffield wealth and intelligence, Sheffield's equal proclivity to bankruptcy and to the shortening of human life, Sheffield's impartial encouragement of meeting-houses and public-



houses, Sheffield's patronage of the fine arts and dog-fighting, Sheffield's huge gooseberries and bread riots—all these things are its local peculiarities, and in Sheffield you must expect to find things strange, anomalous, excessive, and extreme. We have but summarized last week's *Beehive*. No doubt this will account for a good many curious Sheffield localisms. Its language and ethics equally betray a neological turn. Sheffield has enriched the language and the criminal calendar with the phenomenon of rattening, and it is only in such a "wholly exceptional place" that the odd things which happen at Sheffield can be looked for. As once in the Highlands, so in Hallamshire, the QUEEN'S writ does not run. Acts of Parliament are as much or as little to the Sheffield artisans as to the subjects of the Khan of Bokhara. And the Decalogue—that is all very well for Jews and Christians; but Sheffield has its "peculiar" views of our duty to our neighbour. This rationale of the Sheffield mind and action being satisfactorily established, it is of no great consequence to other folk what is, as they say, "the outcome" of this exceptional community—only it is not a community, for a community implies mutual protection and common rights between man and man. But still, just as Dr. WHEWELL amused himself with speculating on the pulpy people of Jupiter or the vaporous denizens of Saturn, so, merely as ethnological curiosities, we may just look at the Sheffielders as they come out in the scientific investigation which they have invited.

"Rattening," for example, is, like saws and files, an article of Sheffield; it is an old-established practice, like Welsh bundling, or the polyandry of certain Asiatic communities; it is the custom of the country—only a local variety in morals. One of the Trades' Secretaries, in his earlier evidence, admitted that he had paid a man a sovereign for destroying the wheel bands of a manufacturer obnoxious to Union men. The rattener was detected, and the public-spirited Secretary felt himself bound by his duty to the Union to maintain the rattener's wife during his imprisonment, and by his duty to himself to embezzle the Society's funds to bring himself home. Somehow this arrangement was found out; but, as a rule, neither President nor Secretary, nor any of the members of the Society, know anything of the precise agency employed in these transactions. A mysterious being, known as "MARY ANN" or "SWEEP," signifies darkly that certain tools appropriated from a delinquent workman will reappear if certain money is paid up. Once only we appear to come across a real flesh-and-blood representative of "MARY ANN." It seems that there was a man named PARROTT, who was "indefatigable in his efforts to keep up the 'prices.'" Nothing was ever said to him specially, but the names of refractory men were read over at a meeting at which he was present, and shortly afterwards "MARY ANN" set to work. We hoped to read the examination of this remarkable person, but hear, to our disappointment, that he is dead. This statement was received with "loud laughter," for some unexplained reason; and even the fact that Mr. PARROTT revealed some of his deeds upon his deathbed excited amusement—we presume at the failure of this one hopeful clue to a biographical sketch of MARY ANN. All hopes of an actual vision of that lady in the flesh are, for the present, buried in PARROTT's grave. The Secretary of the Scissors Grinders was not surprised to hear that 200 cases of rattening had occurred in Sheffield within ten years. It is, in fact, the only means by which the Unions can enforce payment of their subscriptions, and, as such, is pretty freely employed—not, of course, by the Unions, for they never recognise its existence, but by their disinterested friend "MARY ANN."

These, however, are small matters. "Rattening" and coercing masters and men fade into insignificance before the horrible revelations of the last two or three days. These things only prove that, in an extremely coarse and stupid way, the Unions do their best to make the genius of manufacture fly to more congenial realms, where "MARY ANN" is unknown. After receiving more than sufficient proof that the Unions did not mind a little substantial larceny, the Commission went into acts of personal violence. The hero of the occasion, up to last week at least, is one "PUTTY" SHAW, a gentleman who perhaps owes his peculiar sobriquet to the extremely plastic and variable character of his faculties of conscience and memory. On the sixth day of the inquiry, PUTTY'S memory enabled him to state that on one occasion, in the house of a Mr. BROADHEAD—the remarkable official and Secretary of the Saw-grinders' Union who declared that next in criminality to FEARNEHOUGH's blowers-up was FEARNEHOUGH himself—he and one SEARLE agreed, for the sake of 3*l.* supplied by —, to blow up

a non-Unionist workman by the ingenious dodge of hiding a quantity of gunpowder in the trough of his grinding-wheel. Of course the sparks from the wheel and the powder followed the natural laws of ignition, but the man was not much hurt by the explosion. To this outrage SHAW swore that BROADHEAD was privy and found the money. But on the seventh day, SHAW, after an interview with BROADHEAD, retracted this horrible confession, and swore that his former revelations were all moonshine; but he unfortunately committed himself to a distinct act of perjury by swearing that he had not, as it was found he had, seen BROADHEAD in the perilous interval between his confession and his retraction of it. And with SHAW paired off one HALLAM, a saw-grinder, who admits, and with equal impartiality retracts his admission, that he was expressly provided with money by BROADHEAD for the purchase of gunpowder to blow up Messrs. WHEATMAN'S premises, and was actually paid 15*l.* by BROADHEAD for executing the job. All this is perhaps to be accounted for by the peculiar state of Sheffield morality; but it does not seem to have been appreciated by the Commissioners; for HALLAM was at once sent to prison for contempt of court in declining to answer questions, and "PUTTY" SHAW is to be indicted for perjury.

HALLAM'S prison thoughts seem to have been improving. At his own desire, he was on Wednesday again brought before the Commissioners, and he not only confirmed his first confession of having been hired by BROADHEAD to blow up WHEATMAN'S factory, but he went further, and averred that he and an accomplice, CROOKES, actually murdered an obnoxious non-Unionist workman named LINLEY, after dogging him for six weeks—Sundays excepted, for the two assassins were very religious men. LINLEY'S offence against Union law was "filling the trade with lads"—i.e. taking six apprentices. This frightful tale was confirmed by CROOKES himself in open Court, who also confessed that he had previously shot LINLEY, though not so severely as on the occasion on which he got his death wound. The price of this murder was 15*l.*, and the money was found by BROADHEAD. It seems that there is a regular tariff in blood, since this same CROOKES earned only 7*l.* for beating nearly to death one SUDCLIFFE. The very fact that LINLEY, the murdered man, was a perfect stranger to HALLAM and CROOKES, shows not only that there was no private quarrel or malice in the case, but that there was something worse which instigated it. Even as the case stood up to this point, there was too much consistency in the story told by HALLAM and CROOKES to allow a moment's doubt as to its truth. And on Thursday, when brought to bay, BROADHEAD himself made a clean breast of it. He admitted, because he could not help admitting it, that every word of the evidence of his accomplices, or rather tools, HALLAM and CROOKES, was true. He paid them 15*l.* or 20*l.* for the job. For six weeks he had guilty knowledge of the intended murder. He never interfered. The bloody deed was done, and he paid for it. Whether he first suggested it or not is immaterial, and his pitiful pretence that he expected that the poor wretch was only to be wounded, and not killed, is of course absurd. Of how many more crimes he has been guilty he does not say, simply because they are not as yet proved. The monster only admits what he cannot get over, and up to the last moment he triumphantly defied as well as denied the charge.

The annals of this country were never disgraced before by such a revelation as this. If this is what comes of trade, and in one of its most chosen homes, the sooner society relapses into a community of hunters, and what we call savages, the better. This BROADHEAD, who is the very impersonation of the so-called "cause of labour" as now understood, himself the honoured and trusted representative of the foremost Trades' Union in Sheffield, its very head and front and mainspring for the last eighteen years, has been guilty of crimes of which, though there were people in Sheffield hardy enough to say they could by the agency of a Commission be brought home to him, outsiders were slow to believe the possibility. The very worst that has been muttered against the Unions has been proved to a demonstration. It was in the interests of the Union, and for Union purposes alone, that the murder of LINLEY was committed; had LINLEY not been shot, BROADHEAD says the Union would have been destroyed. LINLEY'S only fault was that he was using his own liberty to employ his own labour as he pleased; but "he set the rules of the Union at defiance." Therefore he was murdered. It was an absolute necessity to the existence of the Union that he should be put out of the way. RUSH, PALMER, the MANNINGS, COURVOISIER, THURTELL—these names only recall single and isolated instances of violence

and wrong; but the crime of BROADHEAD is in one sense worse, because it is justified upon a principle which would render society impossible, inasmuch as it implies a total disorganization and insolent defiance of the very existence of right and duty in the minds of a whole class. Until this foul stigma is removed, the very name of Sheffield will be a curse and a hissing to the whole earth. The character of the whole nation is stained, and stained with blood; and the worst of it is that though this horrid revelation is the worst possible of crimes, yet it is after all only the last and crowning result of what we fear is subtly at work in other places, and over a wider range of society than Sheffield. The case is an extreme one, but the principle which has led to it is not local.

#### THE LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

THE Brighton Committee of Shareholders has published a Report which is at least not obnoxious to the charge of false delicacy or unseasonable tenderness. The Directors are charged with incompetency and with mismanagement of the grossest kind, and the worst possible construction is in every instance placed upon their conduct. It is unfortunately evident that the extensions of the line have been hitherto unprofitable, and that capital has, in some instances, been unduly applied to the relief of revenue. The payment of unearned dividends is the worst of all the irregularities which are unsparingly attributed to the Directors. If the constituent body of a Company were unchanged, the confusion between capital and income would involve no injustice, although it would probably be inexpedient; but purchasers and holders of shares which are constantly passing from hand to hand find all their calculations defeated by the declaration of a fictitious dividend. The value of preference shares, and even of debentures, is of course to a great extent dependent on the productiveness of ordinary stock. It is, however, satisfactory to find that the Brighton Company has, notwithstanding recent exposures, found no difficulty in renewing its debentures. The undisguised hostility of the Shareholders' Committee to the former Board suggests some hesitation in accepting their conclusions as absolutely true. One transaction which they denounce in the Report is not fairly represented, and it is possible that their complaints of the undue division of supposed profits may be coloured by irritation. There is often room for much difference of opinion in the distribution of charges between capital and revenue, and the items of railway expenditure are so large that the transference of one or two heads of outlay into a different column may sometimes create or destroy a disposable surplus of four or five per-cent. Renewals of rails and of permanent way are charged by the best Railway Boards to income, as long as no improvement is effected in the construction of the railway. Even when rails of greater weight or of improved quality are substituted, some Companies would pay the cost out of revenue, while others would justifiably consider an addition to the value of the line a legitimate application of capital. In some cases the distinction is not strictly maintained, nor is a certain exercise of discretion to be regarded as evidence of fraud. The Brighton Committee complains that a large amount of legal and Parliamentary expenses has been placed to the capital account, and, as a general rule, it is true that such expenses ought to be paid out of the annual earnings; yet the legal cost of promoting and making a railway is necessarily paid out of capital, and the Brighton Board, having been forced into contests for the very existence of the line, might plausibly consider that the preservation of life was analogous to its origin. A shareholder or purchaser has a right to assume that his dividend represents the net profit of the undertaking after the payment of all ordinary or annual deductions; but a lawsuit or Parliamentary contest, decided once for all, lies on the debateable ground between working expenses and outlay of principal. The charge for repairs is, in the great majority of cases, divisible between the two accounts, because it is customary to combine renewal with improvement. If Boards of Directors are lax, Committees of Inquiry are often puritanically strict, and the tone of the Brighton Report is unusually censorious.

The judgment which is passed on the adoption of the Surrey and Sussex line is not wholly consistent with the facts of the case, and the bias which is shown in dealing with one part of the inquiry to a certain extent discredits the entire Report. The assertion that the object of the Directors was to relieve themselves of personal liability at the expense of the Brighton Company is founded on an entire misconception of their

connexion with a scheme which they would never have promoted as private persons. The Surrey and Sussex line was assumed by the rival South-Eastern Company to be eminently advantageous to the Brighton system, and it was opposed on the ground of its alleged inconsistency with an agreement which had been formed for a division of territory between the Companies. The Brighton Board, in its corporate capacity, at first repudiated the project; but afterwards, on the ground of a supposed violation of the agreement by the South-Eastern Company, it openly adopted the obnoxious scheme. The names of the Brighton Directors were used with the knowledge of all parties, and especially of their constituents, in their capacity of trustees for their Company, and the subsequent transfer of the liability was but the natural completion of a simple and common arrangement. It happened that the South-Eastern Company succeeded in persuading the Parliamentary Committee that the adoption of the Surrey and Sussex line was in fact inconsistent with the treaty between the Companies; but the Committee properly held that, as guardians of the public interests, they were not bound to regard confederacies of Companies for the discouragement of improvement. The Surrey and Sussex Bill was accordingly passed, to the supposed advantage of the Brighton Company; nor was it at any time imagined that the individual Directors and officers of the Company were the real promoters of the line. It remains to be seen whether the inhabitants of the neighbourhood will passively acquiesce in the abandonment of a scheme which they had demanded as indispensable to their welfare. The South-Eastern Company will require the sanction of Parliament to the amalgamation which they have forced on the Brighton Company by a judiciously planned system of hostility and aggression. It is not impossible that one condition of the creation of a monopoly in Kent and Sussex will be the performance of some at least of the obligations which have been incurred by the parties to the amalgamation; and, notwithstanding the present prominence of injured shareholders, the interests of the community will sooner or later force themselves, in spite of Lord REDESDALE, on the attention of Parliament. Hasty writers complain that speculative schemes are facilitated by the influence of Railway Directors in the House of Commons; but a little consideration would show that Railway Directors, who have in fact no great influence over Railway legislation, have the strongest motives for discouraging the competition which forces Companies to make comparatively unprofitable lines. One ill-informed theorist lately asserted that, under the Standing Orders of the House of Commons, deposits were returned as soon as a Bill received the Royal assent. The deposit is in fact retained until half the capital has been expended on the works, and the additional impediments to enterprise constructed by Lord REDESDALE for the benefit of Railway Companies are as unnecessary as they are unjust. When existing Companies promote new lines a penalty is substituted for a deposit, and in either case the security is sufficient. Unless Parliament can be persuaded to sanction the abandonment of the authorized lines, the measures proposed by the Shareholders' Committee will entail heavy losses on the Brighton Company.

The arrangements by which the Sussex lines were to be incorporated with the Brighton system are undoubtedly puzzling from their roundabout character; but the members of the Shareholders' Committee, having till a recent period been unacquainted with the affairs of the Company, are not aware that the real purpose of the Directors had been over and over again publicly avowed. In the contest of 1866 against the competing line to Brighton, which was promoted by the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies, the Brighton Company took credit to itself for every one of the lines which the Directors are now accused of surreptitiously adopting. In successive reports to their shareholders they stated, in the plainest language, that the subscriptions and other measures which were from time to time proposed were only preliminary steps to the final acquisition of the lines, or, in other words, to the assumption of their capital. Many of the charges in the Report are sufficiently answered by the transparent nature of supposed frauds which were merely conventional fictions. When the business of the affiliated Companies was publicly conducted at the Brighton Office, it is absurd to suppose that either shareholders or strangers believed in the separate existence of the Surrey and Sussex, or the Chichester and Midhurst. If deception was practised, it was only intended to conceal the policy of the Brighton Company from strangers and rivals.

The practical recommendations and the estimates of the Committee are more interesting than their retrospective criti-



cism; and, on the whole, the Brighton proprietors will probably be relieved by the Report from some anxiety. In the current year, after the most rigorous separation of capital and revenue accounts, there will be enough to pay the preference shareholders in full; and in 1868 the ordinary shareholders may expect two and a-half per cent., with a considerable addition under favourable circumstances. The increase for each future year is modestly calculated at half per cent., and even at this moment the Board might obtain on loan much more than it is authorized to borrow. The amalgamation with the South-Eastern is strongly recommended, though the Committee cannot refrain from attacking the Directors who made the bargain, on the pretext that they concluded the arrangement in a hurry. The new Brighton line, promoted for the purpose of forcing an amalgamation with the South-Eastern, is of course to be abandoned now that it has served its purpose. Unless Parliament throws obstacles in the way of the new alliance, railways are likely to flourish in the South-east of England, not without public detriment.

#### FREE DISCUSSION AND THE LEAGUE.

THE advocates and admirers of the working-man must find ample food for their sympathies just now. The field of his operations is as wide as his strategy is bold. His hopes aspire to supreme power, and they seem likely to be realized. While he "rattens" the tools of his adversaries, or blows up their houses at Sheffield, or murders them outright, he dictates terms to builders or contractors in London, and condemns all but the West-end dandies to a prolonged familiarity with old clothes. Despotism is naturally intolerant of rivalry or resistance. Just now the British workman is a politician, and believes himself to be a Reformer. The same spirit which defies the masters of the different trades, and dictates the conditions of employment, naturally burns to prescribe the political creed of the operatives, and resents a difference of political opinion just as a Spanish priest resents a religious heresy. The most recent illustration of the British operative's intolerance was exhibited at St. James's Hall last Monday evening. It appears that there is a society called the Working Men's Conservative Association. This body convened a meeting at St. James's Hall on that evening "to express the attachment of all classes of HER MAJESTY'S subjects to the Monarchical and Parliamentary Constitution of the country, to protest against revolutionary agitation, and to vindicate the privileges accorded to the people by the Crown in the peaceable enjoyment of the Royal Parks for the purpose of recreation." Another advertisement is said to have convoked the meeting "to protest against the continued agitation of the Reform League, and the pretensions of its spokesmen to invade the Royal Parks for the purpose of holding political demonstrations." These advertisements would seem to have been highly distasteful to those energetic persons whose present occupation it is to manipulate "the intelligent operative" for political and commercial purposes, though the operative himself, if let alone, would have been very indifferent to the whole affair. Accordingly, one of their two leading journals sounded the alarm, and bade the Liberal operatives be on the alert. Conservative operatives, indeed! What an absurd phrase! How could an English operative be Conservative? Was he not the most degraded and down-trodden of mortals? What institution was there in the realm that he could care to preserve? Did not a haughty oligarchy and a tyrannical squirearchy and a bloated plutocracy pillage and oppress him, leaving only his bones to be picked by his employers? "Attachment to the Church and State, forsooth!" What had Church or State done for him that he should feel attachment to them? Sordid parasite and hypocrite must that man be who could profess such attachment. Such was the burden of the strain in which the weekly monitor of the working-man addressed his readers. And then he significantly urged them to attend next Monday at St. James's Hall, and see for themselves who these wretched grovellers could be whose description of themselves involved the incongruous combination of "working-men" and "Conservatives."

The appeal was not unsuccessful. When the hour for assembling arrived, there were thrice as many Reform Leaguers as Conservatives in the Hall. The Conservatives who called the meeting had foolishly reckoned on the implied guarantee that the presentation of a ticket indicated the Conservatism of the bearer. Futile precaution! The operatives of the Reform League came in scores, armed with the potent pass. A conscious superiority of numbers soon made itself audible and visible in notes of exultation and gestures of menace. The

Chair became an object of angry competition to the hostile armies. When it was moved by the Conservatives that Mr. FOWLER should preside, the Leaguers moved a counter resolution that Mr. LANGLEY should be Chairman. The Leaguers carried it by a show of hands. But the Conservatives refused to recognise the influence of an alien element in a meeting which was intended to be exclusively Conservative. From this refusal rose a conflict fierce and dire. From cries and shouts the disputants proceeded to blows. Here the narrative becomes confused and contradictory. The Historic Muse has adapted her epic to the political passions of both the combatants. While some of her votaries relate that a champion of LANGLEY first dealt a blow at the eye of one of FOWLER's followers, another with equal positiveness asserts that a stalwart Fowlerian first hit a satellite of LANGLEY on the nose. The point is still unsettled; but history is full of doubts like this. Howbeit, somebody did hit somebody else the first blow; blood was drawn; eyes swelled; and the fray became lively. As usual, the non-combatants were exposed to the greatest danger. Sticks and umbrellas were wielded on each side with greater exertion of force than precision of aim, and, naturally, they struck the most quiet of the audience more frequently than the others. The reporters, equally of course, came in for their share of danger. The jostling throng upon the platform precipitated the table downwards; in its descent it fell on that at which the reporters sat, and sent both it and them "in oblique directions," as the latter have phrased it, into the middle of the Hall. The shouting and yelling multiplied at this. If ever a lull seemed to come upon the tumult of the scene, a tattered red flag, which was popularly supposed to have braved half a dozen Reform Demonstrations, revived the hurricane of strife. In vain for a short time did the rival Chairmen look calmly indifferent at each other; in vain did a few philosophical politicians avow their shame at the unseemly conflict; in vain, too, at one time did some apostle of harmony elicit dulcet tones from the big organ of the Hall. It was to no purpose. Philosophy and melody having failed to influence the shouting and pugnacious crowd, the police were called in. The only effect of this was to change the scene of fray from one part of the Hall to the other. By this time it was clear on which side the strength of numbers was. The Leaguers were now to their adversaries as six to one; and, though a small body of Conservatives might hold the defiles of a staircase or the entrance to the galleries against overwhelming numbers, in the body of the Hall it was different. There numerical strength told, and in the end the well-organized Leaguers were victorious. But, before the final result was achieved, many a blow had marked the faces of the contending chiefs with scars of lasting ugliness. When the victory was complete, a pean of triumph burst from the Leaguers, which drowned the notes of the organ as it essayed to play "God save the Queen." Fortunately, about this time the gas was turned off, otherwise there is no knowing what vent the triumphant Leaguers might have found for their exuberant spirits, or what vengeance they might have wreaked for the ensanguined nose of MANTLE and the darkened vision of HOWELL.

Of course it may be said that the whole thing was a mere ordinary row, and that an occasional shindy of this kind acts as a safety-valve for the vigorous animal spirits of the British workman. If this were so, the only comment we should make would be to advise the proprietors of St. James's Hall not to let their building for such purposes, without a guarantee of indemnity for mischief done. But the circumstances of the case hardly support this hypothesis. The meeting was originally convened for a special purpose, and by a special body of men. The purpose was to vote certain Conservative resolutions; and the men who convened the meeting professed to be Conservatives. On the advertisement of the meeting being published, the popular organs of the working-men immediately denounced it to their readers, and called on them to attend and reprobate its proceedings as a scandal and an affront. The Reform League took up the agitation, and its leaders came on the appointed evening with their plans concerted and their forces organized. There was no accident or chance at all in the business; and moreover, though it is denied that the Council of the League had taken any part "officially" in getting up the disturbance, we see from the last weekly meeting of that body that the rioters were thought worthy of a special vote of thanks from "the Council and delegates." The whole thing was of a piece with the conduct of the same class elsewhere. Their leaders cannot brook opposition or divergence. The working-man must not have individual opinions, or an individual course of action. He must not presume either to think or to act for himself. He

must learn to forego all self-dependence, self-reliance, and self-interest. He must not venture to raise himself by proficiency in his own craft, or to be proud of his art, and anxious to do honour to it; he must not consult the interests of his employer, or obey the dictates of honesty. He must not have an idea of his own on any public subject, however much he may have read, studied, and thought. All individuality must be given up. He must learn to regard himself as a mere fraction of a vast and manifold machine, as a thing to be wound up and set in motion and stopped when the thousand parts of the same machine are set in motion and stopped at the discretion, and by the orders, of his adopted leaders. He is to work and cease to work, not according to the dictates of his own volition, but according to the commands of those who govern his Union or his Club. From them he is to take his ideas, not only of his own work and the manner of doing it, but also of political questions and political parties. Not only is the cunning of his hand, but also his intelligence and conscience, to be at the disposal of an irresponsible conclave which controls his every action. Not only are he and his fellows to be blind and thoroughgoing slaves of this new despotism, but they are to recruit their ranks by manœuvring a press-gang against all who are outside their own circle. They are to be as much machines as soldiers are while on drill and in barracks. But the submission of these men is confined to no place and no time. They are at all times and under all circumstances watching, or watched by, one another; working out some command of their leaders, or seeing that it is worked out by others. We have seen what they can do when their plans are concentrated on matters affecting their own trades; how every master, from a Railway Company to a builder, tailor, or bootmaker, may be hampered and impoverished by them. We now see the germ and promise of what they, or their leaders, may hereafter attempt to do in political matters. The Reform Leaguers are as yet in the bloom and innocence of their nonage as politicians. But it must be admitted that they promise well. They have begun auspiciously by demonstrating their ability to deprive their fellows of that right to free opinion which they themselves had previously surrendered to others. They have shown that they can fight, and subdue inferior numbers to their own way of thinking. If the country is ever to be ruled by the tyrannical clique which has just given us so instructive a specimen of its respect for free discussion, we shall see what is the meaning of power in the hands of men forbidden to think for themselves, but disciplined to act in large bodies, and to bring the cogeny of physical violence to bear on all independent or conscientious dissentients.

#### GOLDEN CALVES.

**M**OST people have had opportunities of realizing in private life the sensations experienced by Moses on his descent from the Mount. The Hebrew ruler, on his return from Horeb, saw the whole of his fellow-countrymen busily and enthusiastically engaged in the worship of a golden calf. We believe there are some deluded antiquarian creatures who maintain that a remnant of the Ten Tribes settled very early on the coast of Britain. As they must have settled somewhere, there is no valid ground for objecting to this or indeed to any other hypothesis about their migrations; and it is certainly in favour of the theory, that golden calves are, as a rule, still the object of special veneration amongst us. Everybody knows of some favoured animal of the breed in the neighbourhood of his own immediate circle who attracts the attention of a large number of devoted adherents, and if the sin of Jeroboam had anything to do with calf-worship, it is a sin which, like the leprosy, has made its way over from the East to the West. It is always wrong, to say nothing of its being useless in the extreme, to carp at any national weakness. It is far better to make the most of it, and to try to talk of it in a tone of pride and self-complacency; and nobody who is of a philosophic turn of mind will hesitate to admit that, as a people, we are not devoid of a decided liking for the taste of veal. For a short time during every season the worship of the lion is, so to speak, the order of the day; and African travellers, new poets, or Japanese ambassadors are fed nightly in public, in the presence of an appreciating audience. But lion worship, like revivalism, is a fitful and transitory species of excitement. After a little dose of it, we always return gladly and thankfully to our calves, and only wonder how we ever could have been led away from their society in the pursuit of false zoological idols. Meeting the freshest and ugliest female convert from the Ashantees, or the last traveller who has all but discovered the sources of the Nile, day after day and night after night at kettledrums, dinners, and evening parties, affords no satisfaction of a stable kind. But the golden calf is a joy for ever. His quiet, endless lowing on all subjects, human and divine, constitutes the real charm of every circle to which he belongs; and though lions may endure for a night, the calves come back to be the real solid

centre of every social orbit next morning. Nothing adds more to the pleasure of frequenting their company than to see how thoroughly they enjoy the noble position in which heaven has placed them. In early life most of them have been exposed to the ordinary vicissitudes that fall to human lot. It may be taken to be an established though a melancholy fact that most great calves have had a trying time of it at school. Boys, as a general rule, are sadly devoid of reverence and sensibility. They do not care about golden calves. And even during the brief time of his University career, the vituline prodigy, however magnificent his destiny, cannot altogether escape the ordinary chances of humanity. His contemporaries perhaps chaff him, and his college dons vex his meek lethargic soul with lectures and with chapels; while as yet there is no devious path down which any except royal calves may turn to avoid passing through the slaughter-house of the schools. If he goes into the army, he cannot be sure that at the first outset he may not be the victim of those many unprincipled hoaxes of which mess-rooms and barrack-life are full. Some heartless brother officer who hates veal will cork his face when he is asleep, or cut jokes on him in public when he is awake. It is only when he emerges into the real world that he discovers his true marketable value as a calf, and it is not at all odd that he should appear to relish the improvement in his situation, and accept the increased affability of his fellow-creatures with hearty self-satisfaction. A few short years have sufficed to turn the butt of an Eton or Harrow playground into the idol of a missionary platform, or of a London drawing-room. Such a transformation is worth living for, and no wonder the golden calf is usually a smiling, well-fed, important, self-reverencing beast.

It is one of the advantages and blessings of the Constitution under which we live that there are innumerable opportunities for the golden calf to enter at once on a busy and improving career. All the world lies open to him, and he has only to choose the gate through which he prefers to enter. If he seriously desires to achieve distinction and honour, and to play that shining part among his contemporaries which is only reserved for golden calves, peers, men of genius, and successful cotton-spinners, his wisest course will be to begin very early to perform in public. It is or ought to be his object to qualify himself for the House of Commons; and until he has chosen his constituency, a steady, well-principled calf who is anxious to leave his mark behind him before he dies will generally take to platform oratory, as being an introduction to and a preparation for his future labours. Large cities are a fine field for such calf-exercise, and better as a training-ground than any country district. If we look back to the beginning of the century to see to whom this invention was principally due, there is one name that occurs immediately to the mind. Nobody would like to speak without respect of Mr. Wilberforce, or of those who worked with him upon the great and charitable objects which he did so much to secure. But beyond a doubt the West Indian slaves were not the only unappreciated creatures whom he introduced to the attention of philanthropic circles. It may be said of him that he not merely emancipated the negro, but made an opening in public life for the golden calf. No member of the fraternity, since his day, has ever had reason to be at a loss to know what on earth to do. If he feels tempted to doubt his powers, he has only to take a cab and drive down about one o'clock to Exeter Hall, or some other fashionable rendezvous of City philanthropists. He will be welcomed as a natural and expected guest, and will be repaid next morning by seeing himself chronicled and catalogued in the *Times*, in company with the Lord Mayor, three or four aldermen, the latest religious nobleman out, perhaps a pair of City bankers, and Sir Morton Peto. Before the end of the same day he will find himself in the natural condition of all pious golden calves—that is to say, placed upon a working committee of some important movement for fingering or doctoring either the souls or the bodies of his inferiors. And in this way he may be said to fall at once, and without any effort, into the groove designed for him by Providence. Every one who lives in London knows how painfully easy it is to find oneself member of a committee to promote the moral welfare of distressed spectacle-makers or consumptive coalheavers, and how deplorably difficult it is ever to attend the meetings. This is the very thing which the golden calf comes in and does with a punctual devotedness that vindicates, if nothing else did, his right to exist. He always can and will attend, and together with the secretary and an old Evangelical Indian or two—and it is, by the way, a singular phenomenon, the cause of which nobody has ever attempted satisfactorily to explain, that returned old Indian officers are generally Evangelicals—makes up the quorum of the body. It must be admitted that any one who performs such trusty service deserves our gratitude and admiration. And the effect of the discipline on the calf himself is most improving. It is the final end of everything to come as near as may be to its own complete and developed form; and this is what the golden calf, by dint of such probation, manages to do. Hourly and daily he becomes more and more of the perfect calf. And he rises rapidly in the world as well. The philanthropic committee-man buds into the captain of a company of Christian and artisan volunteers, expands into a recognised promoter of lectures and of deputations, visits once a month the Chancellor of the Exchequer to represent to him the frightful condition of cabdrivers in the vicinity of Bethnal Green, and, when his services have been thoroughly appreciated by the public, is returned by some disinterested borough to adorn the House of Commons. This is one sort of career which a golden calf can have, if he chooses to have it, and if he has been brought



up by his parents in the prosperous path of commercial piety. Assuming it to be true that the real end of all effort ought to be to make the best of both worlds, he has a splendid chance of killing, so to speak, with both barrels. Sleek, good, and benevolent, any golden calf may, by industry and fussiness, go down into his grave deplored by City missionaries, the favourite of Young Men's Associations, the candidate of an attached constituency's choice, and the father of a numerous family. In this brief and transitory life it is not easy to conceive what more human ambition can desire.

A golden calf with a high sense of the duties and responsibilities of his position will of course prefer some serious course of life such as we have described to the fleeting pleasures and frivolities in which his less well-regulated brethren are only too apt to indulge. There is, however, a long interval from philanthropy to frivolity, filled entirely by golden calves whose situation is half-way between the two. The calf that labours under a painful sense of the importance of his soul stands one remove above the next member of the fraternity who is possessed with the delusion that he has got a mind. This latter is a very sad species of disease, because it is attended with the incessant infliction of misery on others. The calf who has got a soul is no doubt too much in the habit of poking up his fellow-creatures to see how they are off for souls too; but as he confines his attention chiefly to the lower classes, whose spiritual sensibilities do occasionally flag, no great harm is done by his exertions. But the calf who has an intellect is a perennial source of woe to his own worshippers. His flaccid laud talk disturbs the very inmost nerves. Few things in the world are more distasteful than being subjected to the necessity of listening to humdrum prophets. Of all sorts of humdrum prophets the religious is, however, the most tolerable. Perhaps we have been broken into the thing from childhood; and then there is this alleviating feature about it, that religious humdrum, if we may coin a word for the occasion, is always well meant. Many men go on listening to it all their lives without acute discomfort, and at the end feel half inclined to turn round and begin administering it themselves. But a philosophical or intellectual golden calf is a portent at the prospect of which humanity may well shudder. The pain he causes is considerably enhanced by the irreproachable front which he presents to all malignant criticism. Like white veal, he is the result of unlimited preparations, which would be cruel if they were not self-imposed, and there is really nothing to say against him except that he is very tasteless and very endless. Every observation is so hopelessly and irritatingly sensible that it is difficult to explain the fierce antipathy excited by his talk. Yet fierce enmities he does certainly awaken. The golden calf dis-coursing on politics with a House of Commons manner is one of those few and awful trials which must be undergone to be appreciated. There is a flavour of the day before yesterday's *Times* about his remarks, which is peculiarly annoying to his enemies—a mixture of twaddle and common sense which makes them too dull to admire, but not easy to refute. They sound, at the end of a day spent in more healthy activity of mind and body, like a House of Lords debate on a subject which has been decided by the nation and the House of Commons a full month before. Like the pace of a political Peer, the golden calf's pace is uniform. He never gallops, and he never walks. He has never been guilty of a paradox. He has always read the latest number of the *Quarterly*. Nobody ever catches him behindhand with a book of travels; he knows all the Bishops at the Athenæum, and always wears the air of a man who has passed the afternoon at the library of his club. When he goes out of town from Saturday to Monday he carries a despatch-box; and, if he is in Parliament, manages to read all the blue-books while travelling by train. Society is not unkind enough to refuse to accept this sort of golden calf at his own estimate. As he insists upon being considered a man of cultivation, of course he is admitted to be so. And as he never does anything to disgrace his reputation, to the end of his life large numbers of his credulous friends sincerely believe him to be no calf at all.

Side by side with the above specimens of vituline dulness, it may possibly be thought that the dissipated golden calf, whose character is a combination of the stupidest of the vices and the dullest of the virtues, is a poor creature, and not worthy to be named. He has no pretensions to learning or to morals. In his heart of hearts he is not altogether devoid of a secret pride in thinking that he can get on tolerably well without either. As a social bore he is doubtless the least obnoxious of the three. But for a slight tendency to insipidity and affectation, he might perhaps pass muster in a crowd without his real nature being once detected. There is, however, one way in which the frivolous calf may at once be discovered. He invariably believes that his personal appearance is fascinating. It is true that he does not delude himself with the idea that he has either soul or intellect. He relies exclusively on his eyes and his back hair; and the name of golden calves who are under the impression that they are the objects of hopeless feminine attachment is known to be legion. Perhaps this is not astonishing. Golden calves are not altogether unsuccessful in the matrimonial competition of the season, especially the wicked ones. Considering that the pious and intellectual golden calves are not in the habit of objecting to matrimony on principle, while the wicked calves entertain the liveliest repugnance to its ties, the percentage of wicked calves who succumb to feminine wiles is singularly large. This inclines one to think that the wicked golden calves are often the greatest calves of all.

## ANGRY POETESSES.

THE authoress of a little volume of passable little poems, recently published, has done the *Saturday Review* the honour of singing its praises in a real poem all to itself, with rhymes, stanzas, and rhythm, such as it is, all in the regular manner. As the composition of this cross hymn may be presumed to have amused the writer, and as it does not much hurt us, we quite sympathise with the feelings of the bargee under the spiteful little thwacks of his spouse, and bear our hard lot with the equanimity of philosophers and Christians. We only wish, for our assailant's sake, that the title of this journal were better adapted for poetic purposes. One cannot endure such lines as these—

With the *Saturday* in its sapience.

The alliteration is scathing, we confess, but the run or limp of the line is quite dreadful. As Archilochus was armed by his frenzy with his peculiar iambs, perhaps wrath has armed our poetess too with some peculiar metre of her own invention. The result is not happy. In spite of every effort to take our dressing in a serious and contrite spirit, we cannot get rid of a certain smack of comic song in the matter. The rhythm contains painful suggestions of a banjo accompaniment. Our moment of penitence is tormented by reminiscences of a nigger minstrel:—

"Learn to live, and live and learn,"  
In the days when I used to go to school,  
Would always pass for an excellent rule;  
But now it's grown a serious concern  
The number of things I've had to unlearn  
Since first I began the page to turn  
Of the *Saturday Review*.

The ear instinctively desiderates a thrum or two on the banjo at this point. Everybody knows how painful it is, when you are being gravely reproved, and when you conscientiously desire to listen with decorous respectfulness to the voice of rebuke, to find yourself the prey of a host of droll and impish thoughts. We know that the poetess, as she lays her rhythmic birch across the bare and helpless body of the *Saturday Review*, intends it all for our good. We are quite sure that she is our friend and well-wisher, and that she can have no motive but our reformation. We know all this, and feel how much better it would be for ourselves and for the world at large if, instead of articles, we wrote milk-and-water poetry. And yet, just when this tide of holy sentiment is coming over us, the rhythm steps in and makes us feel something like a gargoyle, and we cease to think that it would be very nice to be able to write twaddling verse.

However, we know what the angry poetess means. She is only one of a numerous and benevolent class of persons, mostly ladies and mostly addicted to writing little poems, who insist that the world is all covered with the very loveliest rose-pink imaginable, and who get into a very naughty passion with anybody who says that he sees anything else than rose-pink in the social atmosphere. One cannot help a certain liking for these good simple souls. They subscribe generously, under the notion that they are converting heathen, to support armies of secretaries, agents, and distributors, and to build costly and useless buildings. They believe every syllable of every report that interested people have carefully cooked for the express purpose of hoodwinking them, and are proud to think that the work of conversion is proceeding with rapid strides among Jews and Turks, Irish and infidels. They love to read Mr. Tupper's silly stuff, because they receive from it a certain vague conviction that they are made by it to think, and that thus they themselves enter into the temple of philosophy along with their semi-inspired guide. It fills them with a consciousness of a woolly sort of goodness, which is a very soft and comfortable lining for a weakish mind, because it keeps out the noise of hard resounding facts, that would otherwise enter with a fatal effect. People of this excellent stamp are overwhelmed with unspeakable things as they see the sun set or the moon rise, or hear the wind in the trees, or watch the waves dash along the shore. If one tries to analyse what it is that all these unspeakable things amount to, the only result is that we find they do not mean much more than that the people are pleased with the simpler sights of nature. When our angry poetess watches the sun set, she probably reflects with a sigh that life too will one day decline and sink. The rising of the moon suggests to her that life, after all, is a mystery. The roar and dash of the sea thrill her with a turgid desire to do something ineffable, and so forth. This is very pretty and pleasant, and it may add a little grace to existence. The *Saturday Review* has never, we believe, offended any poetess by denying that life, like the sun, has its time for setting, or that, like the moon, it is a mystery, or that the sight of the ocean is very suggestive and inspiring. We admit all this without dispute or debate. But then we venture to think that the meditations prompted by rural dawdlings in the moonlight, and all other meditations of their sort—for which the reader may be referred to Miss Dora Greenwell's poems, *passim*—are not very adequate in themselves, and that the turn of mind which they engender is not of very much use or profit in the world. There is no harm in them. If ladies have no better business to do than to feel and write mild little ineffablenesses and unutterablenesses, it would be cruel to rob them by any unkind sneer of so harmless an indulgence. If existence were no more than a big plateau well illuminated by moonshine, in the light of which everybody might dawdle and dream, they would be as wise as their neighbours. There could be no reason why we should not all sit down and write little poems, and think little thoughts, and believe ourselves

cherubs and angels. We confess that in our present unregenerate state such a condition strikes us as being likely to prove slightly dull, if it should ever come to pass in this world. Long habit and experience of a very different state have perhaps done something to vitiate one's palate for an imitation here of the life seraphic. Anyhow, it is very hard for men who live and have work in the real world to be asked to put their own eyes out, and then to sit dreaming and twaddling in the moonshine with poetesses, angry no longer, because we have become even as they are.

The ever-gushing temper of the minor poetess is all very well in its way and in its place. But, in spite of any amount of it, unpleasant facts remain; and as it is the business of an archdeacon to perform archidiaconal functions, so it is the business of a *Review* to review. Are we only to glance at what is healthy and admirable and of good report and worthy of all praise, carefully excluding from our sight and from that of our readers every bit of wickedness and imposture, of mendacity and impudence and false pretence? Are we to call evil good, or to make-believe that there is no such thing as evil? Why should affectation and falseness and pretentious ignorance be allowed to try to possess literature, or art, or social life without some effort to withstand them on the part of people who have found it out? The theory of such sublime beings as poetesses is that imposture and cant and affectation explode themselves in a spontaneous manner without the application of match, or tinder, or gunpowder from without. We wish we could believe in an amiable and confiding doctrine of this sort. Unluckily, all experience shows that Spontaneous Combustion is as rare in the case of evil and imposture as it is in the human body. Impostors—literary, artistic, dramatic, political, social—do not in one instance out of ten burst their own bubbles. Anybody who has ever tried to get any piece of folly or mendacity swept away out of the sight and minds of men knows how very little it is ready to vanish of its own accord. To get any wise thing done, you have generally, in the first instance, to overthrow and clear out some massive prejudice, occasionally a whole army of massive prejudices. There is no more contemptible portion in the great Fool's Paradise than that which is occupied by believers in the spontaneous withdrawal of all that is weak and bad in the world without any trouble being required from that which is strong and good. Affectation and folly, as well as what are called graver evils, invariably die hard, and require all the killing they can get. Poetesses think that you will slay social and literary follies by singing mild sonnets in praise of virtue and truth. Show people what is good, they say, and they will instinctively and infallibly abandon the bad for it. This may be true, if you can make sure of winning their attention for your good. But as a rule, they do not care to give you their attention. Their indolence makes them well content to go on living in their old quarters. Use, too, has the effect of making a man prefer his tumble-down hovel to the best bran-new house that you can offer him. He will not give up his old ideas, and likings, and follies merely because you show him forms of wisdom which would be ever so much better for him if he only knew it. Get the new abodes of truth ready for people, by all means. But that is not enough. You must also blow up their shrines of silliness at the same time with as much artillery of every sort as can be brought to bear upon them. This is a true account of the process in great matters, and it is not less true of mere foibles and light social impostures. Cant is only dislodged by a vigorous assault, and from as many sides as possible; and even when you are fighting your very best against it, it requires a great many hard campaigns. Besides, one cannot help asking why poetesses keep begging for mercy for cant and affectation. What is the bond of sympathy between them? Why should we be thus respectful and deferential to affectation and incompetency? Whence their claim upon us? We shall probably be told that blockheads often mean well. But it surely is the worst reasoning in the world to argue that people who mean well shall on that account be permitted with impunity to do ill. If they are in earnest, and sincerely mean well, they will be very grateful, or at least they ought to be, either to writers in the *Saturday Review* or anybody else who will point out as effectively as may be that they are not in the right path for executing their virtuous and laudable intention. If an author really means to improve the intelligence and heighten the moral force of his readers, there can be no greater charity to him than to point out that the windy iteration of trumphy platitudes, under the name of philosophy, neither widens their intellectual reach nor adds to their moral height. If a lady really wishes to do good in the world, what ought to satisfy her more thoroughly than to be taught in the plainest English that subscribing for the support of secretaries, and for the erection of big buildings, is not doing good in the world? If a person wastes his time in writing a bad novel, under the idea that he is writing a good novel, and that he has in him the capacity for writing good novels, it is the most genuine philanthropy to point out to him how bad his novel is, and how little promise there is in it, so that he may lose no more time, but may at once turn to some more useful and suitable occupation. The irritation which people feel at a benevolent candour that is so thoroughly calculated for their own good is quite deplorable. That a poetess, above all other beings, should feel this irritation is a thing that makes one think worse of human nature.

#### THE RITUAL COMMISSION.

THE Ritual Commission has sustained at its very outset a great discouragement. The Archbishop of York has declined a place in it; and as that astute prelate adds to his other apostolic virtues an eminent faculty of discerning the signs of the times, it must be confessed that this looks badly for the success of the enterprise. In the language alike of the world and the Church, Archbishop Thomson would not have refused the office if he had thought it would turn out a good thing. Lord Shaftesbury's unwillingness to serve is attributed by himself to a painful sense of his own partisanship—an excuse which would have been more respectable if it had not been accompanied by an attempt to pair off a very pronounced anti-Ritualist against a very moderate Ritualist. Lord Shaftesbury represents the most extreme section of his own party; the Bishop of Oxford represents a school which is only Ritualist in so far as it is High Church. If the latter had been excluded on the ground of undue bias, not one of the Evangelical members of the Commission could in any fairness have been retained; and as this would have compelled a similar exclusion on the other side, the inquiry must have been conducted by persons absolutely without interest in, or knowledge of, the points in dispute. If the Commissioners were a jury charged with inquiring into the truth of certain facts, this would have been a proper course enough, but for the purpose really in hand it would have rendered them simply useless. The object of the Commission is to bring together men of all shades of opinion on a particular question, with a view of discovering what each party thinks essential, what it is prepared to surrender, and whether any terms of compromise can be suggested. For the attainment of such an end the presence of extreme men and of moderate men is equally important. The extremes alone would be of no value, because each side would regard its own theory and that of the other as homogeneous wholes to be entirely accepted or entirely rejected. It is only when this or that omission or substitution is put tentatively, by a third party, that the possibility of assenting to it becomes apparent. But the moderates alone would be equally out of place, because the part they have to play requires an acquaintance with the views and arguments alleged on each side which can only be gained by the intimate association into which men are brought in the course of such an inquiry as this. The third party, who is to suggest and combine, must learn the conditions to which his mediation has to adapt itself before he can determine the form it had best be cast in. From this point of view there is little or no fault to be found with the composition of the Commission. Mr. Perry and Lord Beauchamp may be fairly set against Mr. Venn and Lord Ebury; the Bishops of Oxford and Gloucester balance the Bishops of London and St. David's; and almost every shade of theological opinion finds a representative in one or other of the remaining members. What reception indeed a Commission composed, as Lord Shaftesbury professed to advise, exclusively of men of no pronounced views would have met with from the party he represents, may be guessed from the comments of the *Record* on the members who would be generally supposed to answer to that description. Our whole idea of moderation must be revised if Mr. Walpole is to be reckoned among "extreme Ritualists, or advocates of extreme Ritualists," because "on the Subscription Committee he voted on every important occasion with the Bishop of Oxford"; Mr. Humphry, the Rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, because he has been charged by a lunatic at large in his parish with putting in "idolatrous" painted windows; and the Dean of Ely, because he has proposed "that Convocation shall be ushered in by all the pomp of a choral service and preceded by Holy Communion." Nor is the *Record* much better satisfied with the "minority, exclusive of extreme Ritualists and sympathizers." The Bishop of London is only anti-Ritualist "to a qualified extent." The Bishop of St. David's is sneered at on the score of his "powers as a dialectician," by which is probably meant a faculty of seeing both sides of a question. The Dean of Westminster is "acceptable to neither party." And even Mr. Venn's appointment is described as "almost adding insult to injury," because he is "no longer equal to encounter the fatigue" of such a contest. One would really like to see the *Record's* notion of an impartial Commission. It was the more important too that the Ritualists should be fairly dealt by in the composition of the Commission, because they might not unreasonably have found fault with the time chosen for its issue. They have been charged all along with illegal practices, especially in the matter of vestments; and a suit has at length been instituted against a prominent Ritualistic clergyman from which all mention of vestments is excluded. It is difficult to imagine a clearer proof that on this point at least no legal case can be made out against him; and nothing but the most studious fairness could have saved the action of the Government in appointing a Commission to inquire specially into the question of vestments from the appearance of a determination to defeat the Ritualists somehow—by the law if that were possible, by some other means if that were not possible.

When we turn from the names of the inquirers to the subjects of their inquiry it is less easy to praise the selection. In the first place, the scope of the Commission is expressed with extreme vagueness. If it is really to investigate the "varying interpretations put upon the rubrics, orders, and directions for regulating the course and conduct of public worship, the administration of the Sacraments, and the other services," it may in the end produce a bundle of miscellaneous erudition which will rival the



*Directorium Anglicanum.* In that case we hope that the Report, when it comes, will be worthy of such a novel Congregation of Rites, and that Mr. Walpole's Commentary on the Prayer-Book may hereafter rank with the Speaker's Commentary on the Bible, if that long-delayed blessing is ever vouchsafed to the world. Even the rubrics, however, taken by themselves, are not thought to supply matter enough. The Commissioners are to "have regard to any other laws and customs relating to the matters aforesaid." Luckily for them, laws bearing upon these questions are not very abundant, but customs may vary almost infinitely. Certainly, in the Ritualistic churches, the conduct of the services is scarcely alike in any two instances; and we suspect that, if the comparison were extended, even the most Evangelical churches would display considerable internal variations. This is the heterogeneous field of inquiry into which the Commissioners are turned loose, and the instructions by which their course is to be guided are correspondingly indefinite. They are empowered to suggest alterations, improvements, and amendments in the rubrics, "so as to secure general uniformity of practice in such matters as may be deemed essential." In other words, they are to secure uniformity in just those matters where uniformity is most impossible. How hard it is, even in matters which are not "deemed essential," to reduce variations of practice to a common denominator may be learned from the example of the late Bishop of London. The party which fought him successfully on the question of preaching in the surplice can hardly expect that the Ritualists will cling less firmly to their legal chasuble than the Evangelical to their extra-legal black gown. One further question appears as a matter of course. It was not to be expected that any such inquiry could be set on foot without a reference to the table of Lessons. To a certain class of minds what is called a revised Lectionary is a panacea for every ecclesiastical evil. They would have proposed it, if they had lived in the twelfth or the sixteenth centuries, as a settlement of the contest about Investitures, or as a substitute for the Reformation. Perhaps this part of the Commission's functions might best be deputed to a sub-Committee, which, while the tempest of controversy rages without, might discuss tranquilly in an inner room whether Bel and the Dragon is edifying, or the genealogies in Chronicles instructive.

And yet, in spite of the contradictions and absurdities which necessarily surround such an undertaking, we think the appointment of the Ritual Commission a prudent step. It would be idle of course to expect any tangible result from its labours; indeed, if we did expect that, our satisfaction at its existence would be materially lessened. Its real value is that it gives reasonable people a little more time to think. It can hardly be questioned that the state of things in the Church of England at this moment is extremely serious. The Ritualist party among the clergy is numerous and energetic; it commands a certain amount of sympathy among many who do not themselves belong to it; and it has a considerable hold on the laity, especially in the middle-class—a class not easy to inspire with religious enthusiasm, but very tenacious of it when once implanted. This party is viewed with great and not unnatural horror by the extreme party on the other side; but this dislike can hardly have important consequences unless it extends to that body of theological indifferentism which forms the bulk of all established Churches. If Gallio cannot be brought to care, things will go on much as they have done; and we think there are good reasons why Gallio should not in this instance depart from his accustomed attitude. If a decided line is to be taken against the Ritualists, two questions come up at once for answer—what is to be done, and who is to do it? As to the first, Lord Shaftesbury of course has an answer ready. "Pass my Bill," he says in effect, "and all these troubles will be over." But to assent to this solution of the difficulty would be to give to one party in the Church of England a decisive victory in a contest which has lasted, in various forms, from the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria. It may be true that to ordinary eyes the Anglican service as exhibited at St. Alban's, Holborn, is a good deal more than an adequate interpretation of the same service as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. But to the impartial observer there will be just as great a discrepancy in the opposite direction, if he compares with the same middle term an Evangelical proprietary chapel. If the one extreme exceeds the legal standard, the other as manifestly falls short of it; and to legislate against one, while the other is left wholly to its own devices, is to destroy the comprehensiveness which has for three centuries been the characteristic of the Church of England. If this course is repudiated, there remains only the alternative of constructing a uniform order by which public worship shall in all cases be regulated. Such an order, if it is to avoid the former objection, must be of the nature of a compromise; but to this there is the obvious objection that a settlement of this kind would be almost equally unsatisfactory to both parties. If, indeed, there were any prospect of its being adopted, the compromise itself might not be far to seek. The tradition of that orderly, dignified, but somewhat frigid worship which best answers to the Anglican ideal still lingers round cathedrals and an occasional college chapel, and it might easily be proposed as the unvarying standard of our public services. But, unfortunately for this purpose, it has few of the elements of popularity; and to be forced to submit to it in letter and spirit would be at least as offensive to the Evangelical as it could possibly be to the Ritualist. The question therefore irresistibly suggests itself, Is it worth while to risk a revolution in the Church of England in order to enforce

a compromise which both extremes will heartily dislike, and which neither will honestly conform to? But even if it be granted that something ought to be done, there remains the difficulty who is to do it. Convocation has neither the power, nor probably the will, to move in the matter; and as to Parliament, Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, which was as moderate a measure as could be expected from the Evangelical party, involved the abrogation of a rubric, and thus risked a conflict between ecclesiastical and secular obligations. So far as can be judged from the attitude and professions of the Ritualist clergy, they would simply disregard an Act of Parliament which altered any part of the Prayer-Book by its own sole authority. Of course Parliament could enforce its directions, if it were so minded, by suspension or expulsion. But to do this would be to risk, at all events, a disruption of the Church of England. It is more than probable that, the next Sunday after such an Act had received the Royal assent, vestments would be worn in numbers of churches where without such a challenge there would never have been a thought of introducing them. Of course this is only a conjecture, and the Ritualists may be more submissive than we anticipate. But though it is very unsafe to expect a religious party always to act up to its theories, it is equally unsafe to expect it always to fall short of them; and with such a possibility as this in the background it is at least worth while to pause a little before making it a certainty. It is no answer to this argument to say, with the Dean of Westminster, that Parliament has legislated for the Church before, and that it is therefore inconsistent to object to its doing so again. Men are not always consistent, least of all when they think themselves hardly used; and, even if they were, the character of Parliament, and its relation to the religious life of the nation, has changed so completely since the time of Elizabeth that analogies drawn from that period have little value except to antiquaries. We are not necessarily arguing in favour of doing nothing; on the contrary, there may be the best possible reasons for rushing into an ecclesiastical revolution. We are only anxious to point out that those whose wishes do not go this length will do well to be careful before they suffer themselves to be betrayed into some rough and ready method of dealing with one extreme, and one extreme only, in the Church of England. It is the best point about the Ritual Commission that, by the time it has reported, people may begin to find out that if you wish to keep things as they are, the surest way is to leave them as they are.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM RIOTS.

SINCE we last wrote, Birmingham has been for three days under the alternate rule of mob law and military law. Two whole streets have been sacked, a Roman Catholic chapel has been attacked and seriously damaged; it was rumoured on Tuesday night that an assault was contemplated on the Catholic cathedral; the Mayor has had a stone thrown at his head, the Riot Act has been read in three different places, a policeman lies dangerously wounded in the hospital, above a hundred persons have been arrested, and "the greatest excitement and fear prevail" throughout the town. And what, our readers may ask, is the meaning of all this? Are the Birmingham people so exceptionally riotous, or are they commencing a Reform agitation when a Reform Bill exceeding all that the most sanguine of agitators can have looked for is already making its way through Parliament? Nothing of the kind. Birmingham certainly had a bad name for its revolutionary violence during the Reform agitation of 1832, and it was there that a Church and King mob in the last century pulled down Dr. Priestley's Unitarian chapel. In the present case, however, though we cannot excuse the conduct of the people, we must entirely agree with the Mayor that the moral, if not legal, responsibility of what has occurred does not belong to them. The *causa belli* is simply the presence in Birmingham of that notorious agent of the "London Protestant Electoral Union," William Murphy—an illiterate Irishman "with all the Popery knocked out of him," according to his own account—whose vocation it has been for some time past to roam about the country as a hired lecturer, for the purpose of insulting in the grossest and most indecent manner the religion of about a third of Her Majesty's subjects. In one respect certainly all the Popery, if we may at all credit his own description of Popery, has not been knocked out of him; for if ever there was a person on whom a double portion of the spirit of persecution rested that person is Mr. Murphy, who exhibits his championship of "freedom of speech and freedom of conscience" by the fierce promulgation of sentiments whose only practical corollary would be the execution or the murder of every Papist.

On Sunday last, in the course of his "passionate pilgrimage," Mr. Murphy came to Birmingham to deliver a five weeks' course of lectures on the Errors of Romanism. He could hardly have chosen a town in England where such an experiment as his would be more both of an impertinence and a blunder. There is at Birmingham a considerable Roman Catholic population, living on excellent terms with the rest of the inhabitants; it is also, as our readers may be aware, the residence of Dr. Newman, and of a Roman Catholic bishop. The Town-Hall is frequently used for Catholic meetings and bazaars, and the local charities are freely supported by Catholics and Protestants in common, and by collections made in their respective churches. It was only the other day that Dr. Manning, not unfairly, quoted Birmingham in illustration of the "silver age of controversy," when all bitterness of feeling between

rival sectaries should be laid aside. Such is the place selected for his five weeks' course of anti-Popery declamation by the hired agent of a proselytizing society, himself a renegade from the religion he comes to denounce, who signalized himself the other day by the publication of a pamphlet so filthily obscene that it was ordered to be seized and destroyed by the magistrates of Wolverhampton, and who opens his Protestant propaganda by the conciliatory announcement that "every Popish priest is a murderer, a cannibal, a liar, and a pickpocket." We do not the least wonder that the greatest consternation was manifested on his appearance in the place, and that the Mayor very properly refused to allow him the use of the Town-Hall. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Murphy and his friends erected a Tabernacle large enough to hold about 4,000 persons, where on Sunday afternoon he began to hold his "services." His manner of commencing the first "service" we have already quoted. He followed it up by the assurance that "they knew him, and he could prove what he said." His notions of proof, however, are singular. We used to be taught that it is impossible to prove a universal negative. But till this feat is accomplished by his Romish opponents Mr. Murphy considers his own cause to be triumphant. "He was prepared to meet any Popish priest, from Bishop Ullathorne to the biggest ragamuffin in the lot; and if ever there was a rag and bone gatherer in the universe, it was the Pope himself; and if what he said were not true, let them prove it." That is to say, the Pope is proved to be the biggest ragamuffin in the Universe, and every priest a "murderer, cannibal, liar, and pickpocket," till they have proved to Mr. Murphy's satisfaction that they are not! After this hopeful commencement it seems to have struck the lecturer that his language was not altogether calculated to win the confidence of the Papists he intended to convert, for he said that he had come to Birmingham at the risk of his life, that "his life was in the hands of God"—rather a strange reason for using it to break one of the first commandments of God—and "he was eternal until his work was done," a view so exceedingly recondit, both in its metaphysical and theological aspects, that we cannot presume to explain it. Still less do we choose to retail the tissue of profane nonsense which followed, and which only serves to show that Mr. Murphy's respect for the first table of the law is equal to his respect for the second. But when he proceeded to insist that "if Popery had the power she would roast him," we can hardly be wrong in observing that if Murphy had the power he would roast the Papists, as indeed he does already to the utmost extent of his power. A violent attack followed on "the cowardly act of the authorities" in refusing him the Town-Hall, winding up with the following challenge—we prefer to give the *ipsissima verba* of the speaker—"They shall walk over my dead body in Birmingham, or I will have my five weeks' say. They shall walk over the dead body of Colonel Brockman and of Robert Steel, our Secretary; or we will have freedom of speech and liberty of conscience in Birmingham." We sincerely trust that the "five weeks' say" will be very considerably abridged, though without the "martyrdom" of the doughty Protestant triumvirate—for Mr. Murphy also intimated his prospect of joining "the glorious army of martyrs"; and we cannot but regret that the Mayor did not carry out his professed intention on Monday of requiring the lecturer at once to quit the town.

During the whole of Monday Birmingham was in a state of chronic alarm, the troops were called out, and the magistrates sat *en permanence*. On that morning, however, a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Whalley, M.P., who had an interview with the magistrates, not for the purpose of strengthening their hands in quelling this disgraceful outrage, but to claim for Mr. Murphy "the right of freedom of speech," and to deny that he had been "indiscreet in his language!" This, be it remembered, was after Murphy had said all we have quoted and a good deal more, for he held an "evening service" also on Sunday, in his Tabernacle. The Mayor very properly replied that he held Mr. Murphy morally, if not legally, responsible for the riots, and should require him immediately to quit the town—a requisition which, for some unexplained reason, was unluckily not enforced. Instead of it, two more services were held on Monday evening—one at half-past six, and another at eight o'clock—at the latter of which Mr. Whalley delivered a long address in abuse of the Mayor. At the earlier service Mr. Murphy discoursed on the same exciting theme as follows. The passage is a fair sample of his style of oratory:—

He had got a building that was a witness against Popery and Tractarianism. (Loud cheering.) It was a building that was a witness for the right of speech and liberty of conscience. (Great cheering.) That right he would carry out though they should walk over his body as a corpse. (Cheers.) He said to the Mayor of Birmingham he must and should protect him. He would say to that gentleman that he was his (Mr. Murphy's) servant while he was in Birmingham. (Loud applause.) And as his servant he must do his duty. (Hear, hear.) There was a stone thrown at the Mayor that day. He hoped it would do him good, and that the Popish stones would let him see what Popery was; and he would be better if he got a couple more blows. (Hear, hear, and great cheering.)

It would be idle to waste any words on Messrs. Murphy, Whalley, Brockman and Co. We can say nothing better, and we need say nothing worse, of them than that they are quite worthy of each other. One thing is quite clear. If the bird that can sing and won't sing ought to be made to sing, the bird that can only sing a song which turns all other songs into discord should be made to hold its tongue. Mr. Murphy's claim for "liberty of speech" is simply the claim of the foul-mouthed ruffian who walks up to you in the street and informs

you that you are a thief and a liar, and that he will knock you down, or get his friends to do it for him, if you deny it. His lingo is a mongrel compound of Holywell Street and the cockpit, interspersed with the pious profanity of Exeter Hall and the *Record*. The object of his attack is the religion of some millions of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians—if it is not to prostitute the name of Christian to say so; and its professed intention is to rouse to fever-heat the fiercest animosities between those who are just beginning to learn, after three centuries of barren controversy, that they have common sympathies and a common work in this life, and common hopes in the next. It would be difficult to conceive any object more unmixedly detestable, or any more criminal means of promoting it, than this truculent preacher of ill-will to men has hit upon. Neither shall we stop to argue with those members of the "Protestant Electoral Union," if such there be, who consider this method of advocacy beneficial to the cause of Protestantism. Appeals to their reason would be as inappropriate as appeals to their charity. The staunchest Romanist could desire nothing better in the interests of his creed than that Mr. Murphy should have his "five weeks' say" unchecked at Birmingham. One such lecture as he delivered there on Sunday afternoon is worth more to the cause he denounces than a whole cartload of Dr. Manning's pastorals; or perhaps it would be more correct to say one such lecture goes a long way to counteract the injury which Dr. Manning's pastorals inflict upon it. The exquisite taste which, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in one of the largest centres of Roman Catholic population in England, describes the Roman doctrine of the Eucharist as cannibalism, and the Pope as a big ragamuffin, is only equalled by the logic which argues that the lecturer is "eternal" until his temporary work is done, and the accurate appreciation of the past history and present condition of the Catholic priesthood which includes them all under the common designation of murderers and thieves. We, too, believe with Mr. Murphy that he is "raised up for a purpose." One office at least he discharges with admirable perfection, and that is, first, to remind us that the spirit of religious hatred so severely denounced by the Founder of Christianity, and so widely exemplified among His disciples, is not the exclusive property of any one particular country, century, or creed; and, secondly, to show that it is not less odious and un-Christian when disguised under the flimsy pretext of zeal for Protestant freedom than when throned on the tribunal of the Inquisitor, or animating the hell-hounds of St. Bartholomew.

There is a further point to be noted in the case of this mountebank hireling, who goes from place to place, scattering broadcast the most brutal calumnies against a loyal and peaceable body of religionists, that he takes care to select for the scene of his insolent abuse precisely those localities where it is sure to lead, and probably intended to lead, at once to a breach of the peace. It is too much to expect human nature, and especially Irish human nature, to remain unmoved when a tissue of the vilest ribaldry is directed against all that the hearers hold most sacred. Nor is this all; Murphy is not content with abusing their religion. There are at most some twenty or thirty Catholic priests in Birmingham, every one of whom must be known by sight to the great majority of his audience, when therefore he speaks of the Roman Catholic clergy as cannibals and murderers, it is very much the same thing as saying that Mr. A. and Mr. B., who live in the next street, are cannibals and murderers. Such language is not only foully libellous, but is a direct incitement to tumult and bloodshed. It is high time some way should be found to put down a public nuisance of this kind by the strong arm of the law. The only argument that Murphy and his fellows are capable of understanding is an argument enforced by the police. The sooner he and his employers of the "Protestant Electoral Union" are made to realize their direct responsibility before the law for the attacks on life and property, of which they are the immediate instigators, wherever they or their paid emissaries appear, the better. Lord George Gordon was sent to prison in 1780 for just the same crime. We observe that, having exhausted the resources of his scurrility on the Roman Catholic doctrine of the mass, Murphy is announced next to lecture on "the Confessional." For the interests, not only of public order, but of common decency, we trust he will be silenced before this part of his programme is carried out. If he is not, the worst of the Birmingham riots may be still to come.

#### RUSSIA AND INDIA.

THE impression that the progress of Russia towards India is a matter of just anxiety to England appears at length to have taken some hold of the public mind. The situation is, indeed, little changed from what it was six months ago, when the Bokharian fortress of Djuzak was captured, and the country placed at the mercy of the invaders. Even the intelligence received this week—that the communication of the Russians with their most advanced posts had been interrupted, and one of those on their line of communication threatened—simply means that the Bokharians have mustered courage to provoke their adversaries to complete their work. The important fact for some time has been the decisive overthrow of Bokhara. That event, together with the breaking up of the State into fragments like Afghanistan, and the complete anarchy which thus reigns between the Russian and Indian frontiers, has naturally increased the apprehensions felt in India, where even the native press has been discussing with avowed alarm, but veiled satisfaction, the news of Russia's progress, and wondering at the



empathy of the masters of India. The time has therefore come for considering soberly in what way the recent conquests of Russia really touch our position, and whether any action is now incumbent on us in consequence, in defence of our Indian Empire. *Prima facie* there is ground for alarm in the fact that a great European Power has virtually become the next neighbour of India. It is scarcely possible that the security of our Empire can be so easily provided for as when our troops had merely to guard against internal revolt. There are nevertheless plenty of writers in the press, with whose views the Governor-General of India apparently agrees, who see no cause for the slightest apprehension. Their idea is that the country between the Russian and Indian frontiers, including broad tracts within both frontiers but interposing between the opposite "seats of power," is so difficult for the movements of armies that no attack on India is likely, while, if attempted, we may rest secure that it can be easily repulsed. Assuming that there is no reason for disquietude, they rather welcome the approximation of the Russian lines to India as a triumph of civilization over Asiatic barbarism. When such views are held, so different from the one first suggested, there is all the more reason for the inquiry proposed.

We are inclined to hold by the *prima facie* view. It only requires the briefest consideration to perceive the unsoundness of all arguments based on the supposed impracticability of the region between Russia and India. So far from being an impracticable land, Central Asia is a huge battle-field where armies have marched and counter-marched from the dawn of history. No doubt it is a region of deserts, where an army, if it is taken through a desert tract by the stupidity or miscalculation of a general, and without proper precautions, may easily be lost; but, on the other hand, there are many broad and fertile oases, coming near together, sometimes running into one another, and by following the lines thus indicated marches may be made, and have been made times without number, without any unusual difficulty. It is in this light we must look at the border between Russia and India. It is utterly irrelevant to urge, as the *Times* did the other day, that the Russians once lost an army in the distant desert between Orenburg and Khiva. It also appears, contrary to the assumption of optimist writers, that the Russians will have no difficulty in any operations within their own territory. The two points on their frontier from which they can approach India are Asterabad, on the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, and Djuzak in Bokhara, to both of which points, we may state as a matter of fact, easy communication is established from the "seats of Russian power." Asterabad is directly linked with the heart of Russia by means of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, on which there are fleets of merchantmen. As for Djuzak, the ease with which troops may be moved thither was exhibited in the autumn before last, when more than 10,000 men were hastily despatched from the Caucasus and Orenburg to the neighbourhood of Tashkent. The truth is, Russia has so improved the roads by digging wells, and the Jaxartes is found so suitable for navigation, that the transit of troops to the front from the "seats of Russian power" is accomplished with the utmost facility.

Starting, then, from Asterabad and Djuzak we find two great routes to India, which, speaking roughly, run in a south-easterly direction parallel to each other, and about three or four hundred miles apart. The distance to India by the southernmost of these roads—from Asterabad by Meshed, Herat, and Candahar, to Shikarpore on the Indus—is about 1,350 miles; and the distance by the other road—from Djuzak by Bokhara, Balkh, and Cabul to Peshawur—is about 930 miles. There are also roads communicating between the two routes. On the way from Bokhara to Balkh there are several points where it is possible to branch off and proceed to Herat on the southernmost road; and there is again communication between Cabul and Candahar. It is when we look at these communicating roads that we perceive the importance of the late conquests of Russia—that is, assuming that all the roads are practicable. It has often been urged that these conquests are of no consequence, because Russia has for many years possessed Asterabad, and could always have advanced as well as now direct from that point, by Herat and Candahar, to the Indus. The answer is that the northernmost road was also necessary in order to cover the flank of such an advance. Unless the force moving by Herat and Candahar has got Cabul and Balkh secured for it, its left flank would always be in danger from an Indian force marching out of Peshawur and occupying the neglected posts. The unopposed possession of the northernmost road also enables Russia to surprise with ease the most important point on the main road—Herat. Till last year she must have given notice of an intention to occupy that city by the movement of ships and troops on the Caspian, and by negotiations with Persia, unless prepared to disregard that Power, in which case her preparations must have been on a larger scale, and all the more likely to be noised abroad. Now a small force sufficient for the purpose could be mustered unannounced in the valley of the Jaxartes, and the first hint of its advance might reach us with the intelligence that it had succeeded in its purpose. The question then is whether, if Russia proposed to attack India, the facilities for marching by the southernmost route are such that a considerable army could move on it, and whether the northerly road is good enough for a small division to cover the advance of the main body? To both branches of the question, according to good military authorities—Lieut. Connolly, Sir Alexander Burnes, General Ferrier, and others—an affirmative answer must be returned. On the first section of the main route,

namely, between Asterabad and Meshed—380 miles,—there are two good level roads, with abundance of water, and a third road, not quite so good as the others. Meshed itself is an important town, the capital of the Persian province of Khorassan, and on one of the roads are the towns of Sebzwar and Nishapore, each with about 12,000 inhabitants; while on the other are Shirwan, Birdjinoord, and Kouchan, which latter place, when Burnes passed that way, had just been exposed for months to a siege by a Persian army of 20,000 men, a fact of importance with regard to the capacity of the country. From Meshed to Herat, again—200 miles—there are three good roads, on one of which Lieut. Connolly travelled with an Afghan cavalry and artillery force 7,000 strong. Of the wealth of Herat and the surrounding plain there is no need to say anything. From Herat to Candahar—350 miles—there are two good roads, and, according to Connolly, "the country, though hilly, would offer little obstacle to the march of an unopposed European army; water is in sufficiency, and partial supplies might be procured on the way." Candahar would be another resting-place, being, like Herat, the centre of a fertile district. From Candahar to the Indus—400 miles—would be the most difficult portion of the journey, but the difficulties and hardships, whatever they are, were surmounted in 1839 by an English army, which entered the country by Shikarpore, after as long a march to that point as the Russians would need to make in order to reach Candahar. The force we then had was of very considerable size, requiring certainly as much transport as a Russian army of 30,000 men. It hardly admits of doubt that a Russian army of about 40,000 men, the number named by General Ferrier, could be brought to the Indus, at any time that Russia chooses, with little loss, and with a perfectly secure retreat, if the northerly route is pre-occupied to Cabul. The evidence is equally good as to the practicability of that route for a pretty large division. From Bokhara to Balkh there would be very little desert marching, and although the Hindu Kush must be crossed between Balkh and Cabul, the passage of the Hindu Kush cannot be considered transcendently difficult. Two passes at least, except for two months of the year, are practicable for waggons, and Afghan armies with artillery have repeatedly passed that way, which was certainly followed last century by the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, and is supposed, not without reason, to have been taken by Alexander. As to the practicability of the intercommunicating roads, Herat is little more than 400 miles by road from Bokhara, while the fertile valley of the Moughab lies midway between the two points; and although the most direct road lies over belts of desert, there are yet paths only a little less direct, such as the one M. Vambéry took two or three years ago, which almost altogether keep to inhabited tracts. There is equally little doubt of the practicability of the road between Cabul and Candahar, which has been traversed by a British army, and is the scene of continual fighting among the Afghans themselves.

There remains the question what a Russian army could do if it reached the Indus unopposed. If we got long warning, it would be easy enough to occupy Cabul and Candahar, or at least to oppose the Russians in the Bolan pass. But what has to be considered is the chance of Russia acting suddenly when we are off our guard, when India is perhaps temporarily denuded of troops, or at a time of great disturbance, like the Indian mutiny. In such a case, we could spare no force to bar a Russian march to the Indus, and Russia might act so quickly as to give us no time to collect one. The first intimation of danger would probably be the simultaneous seizure of Herat and Cabul. Two or three months afterwards a great Russian army might appear on the Indus. If our hands should happen to be fully occupied elsewhere, it would be very awkward, to say the least of it, to have such an army upon us. By superhuman efforts it might be resisted and thrust back as far as Candahar, our carelessness having no worse effect than temporary danger and disaster; but the fact of the movement described being practicable appears already to demand a very considerable addition to our Indian force. In all probability the Indian Empire by itself is as strong as Russia, but its nature is such that unguarded moments are dangerous, and a lost battle on the Indus might lead to the most calamitous results.

We have spoken only of the danger to India in the existing position of affairs. Danger, of course, is aggravated by every step in advance which Russia takes. When she has advanced to the Oxus, the occupation of Herat and Cabul would become even more easy than at present, and proportionally more tempting. But we need say nothing on this head, since the optimists whose opinions we controvert view with apparent cheerfulness the prospect of a Russian lodgement in Afghanistan. Such a lodgement may be effected very soon. Only two or three scattered millions of population interpose, and there is nowhere a force which Russia need even consider. She has only to prepare a short time beforehand, and, in less than two months after the order leaves St. Petersburg, Herat, Cabul, and Candahar might all be occupied. The achievement would only be slightly less easy than it would be to ourselves. We fear the cheerfulness of our optimists would be put to rather a severe test were this event accomplished. In possession of Afghanistan, Russia's power to injure India would be literally overwhelming. By improving the roads and communications, digging wells, and settling the country as she has done all through her progress in Central Asia, forty thousand men would not long be the limit of the force she could prepare for an attack on India. Always on our frontier, she would be ready to take advantage of every untoward incident. Probably nothing short of an additional hundred thousand of

European troops would be requisite to defend India against surprise. Where are we to get this additional force? Putting such a question, we can scarcely wonder at military men viewing with so much alarm the prospect of Russia securely seated at the gates of India.

It is not easy to say what our policy should now be. The time is past when we could have negotiated with Russia, and demanded her adherence to the limits she prescribed for herself when the first bit of Kokan was annexed. The mischief is done, and we cannot expect but that Russia would prefer war to giving up Djuzak, Oratepe, Khojent, and Taschkent. It may be said again, with some show of reason, that by advancing ourselves into Central Asia we would only add to the chances of a conflict, and at once bring the frontiers together—the very contingency we dread. We are inclined to think that, inconvenient as the last alternative may be, it is the only one left us. It is preferable to keeping within the present limits of India. If we must have Russia for neighbour, it becomes us, instead of leaving things to chance, to choose our ground. In this view the expediency of occupying Herat at once is apparent. It would be a step in the right direction to go half-way, and occupy Quetta, as recommended ineffectually by the Bombay Government; but to have all the security desirable, we must go to Herat. Only by so doing could we effectually prevent the Russians from combining the lines of advance we have described. But the proceeding would be effectual. If Russia then thought to attack us she would only have the one path straight from Asterabad, without any cover on the left to screen her movements, and without any good sub-base, such as the plain of Herat would afford, if we allow her to be there before us. The defence of Herat and Candahar—in short, of all Afghanistan—would also give us time to rally in the event of a sudden movement; and the confusion of the fight would be kept remote from India—a very great advantage. At Herat, too, we might have all the benefits of railway communication, just as we have now, for it would not be difficult to extend so far the Indian railway system, which must at any rate be extended to the Indus valley. In the interests of both England and India, the occupation of this advanced post should not be delayed. The more secure we can make our Indian position the less likely is it to be attempted; while the pre-occupation of Herat would take away from Russia a temptation, by yielding to which she might easily provoke a war. Indifferent as we seem at present, the threat of Russia to occupy Herat—much more its actual seizure—would provoke an explosion of feeling in India which no Government could disregard. The common arguments against annexation do not apply to the case of Afghanistan, at present no man's land, and the source of endless disquiet by its lawlessness and anarchy to our possessions in the North-west of India. By taking part of it, we should interfere with no rights of self-government, and our rule would confer on the districts we occupied a material prosperity, such as has been unknown since our former occupation, which was held in grateful remembrance by the mass of the people long after we withdrew.

#### UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES.

IT seems to be the rule that a senator ambitious of distinction, and not making a success in the ordinary line of Parliamentary discussion, should try to tamper with and tinker the Universities and public education. Education, its means and scope, are the *corpus vile* for doctrinaires, and, as is the subject of the experiment, so is often the experimenter. We hardly know how to meet the inconsistent crotchets-mongers. At one time the hardship was that the various religious bodies had not sufficient freedom in education. What is called the denominational system met this complaint; and we all seemed to be getting on well enough with Maynooth on the one hand, and the "godless Colleges" on the other, with the National Society and the British and Foreign Schools Committee subsidizing their respective adherents, and receiving equal aid from the State. But to leave everybody and every confession to manage its own affairs and trust to its own energies was too simple a solution of a great difficulty. The University of London was the first great example of this excellent principle, which is now to be abandoned. Does its Senate own or argue that it is a failure? At the present moment the denominational principle is decidedly out of favour. Trinity College, Dublin, is asked to surrender its independence simply because it is independent. Because Roman Catholics may establish, and have been on the very point of establishing, a College or Hall of their own at Oxford, it is now proposed that they shall have a right to the fellowships and endowments of the existing Colleges. Because most of the restrictions have been removed which prevented the admission of Dissenters to the Colleges, it is now, in perfect defiance of an accepted arrangement, proposed by Mr. Ewart that they shall, with free, or nearly free, entrance to the Colleges and Halls, be allowed to become members of the Universities without being affiliated to any College or Hall at all. Every encouragement having been given by Parliament to the establishment of new Halls at Oxford and Cambridge, and every M.A.—at Cambridge not necessarily a member of the Church—having already the liberty to open a Hall and receive students into his private house or hostelry without any connexion with any existing College, what is now wanted is to encourage the creation of a class of unattached youths, nominally members of the University, without the guidance or superintendence of

anybody responsible for their education or discipline. The Universities are rather in the position of plants subject to the inquisitive over-culture of very young horticulturists. They are pulled up by the roots to see how they are growing, and before they have got hold of the soil they are transplanted. So rapid and so inconsistent have been the changes introduced into the Universities that it would puzzle most graduates of more than fifteen years' standing to write down the actual constitution of Oxford and Cambridge, and to answer distinctly who is or who is not admissible to degrees, fellowships, and upon what, when there are any, conditions.

No doubt some of the recent experiments have not answered. Private Halls have not answered; and teaching by Professors can scarcely be said to have commanded a success. The educational bush has been hung out; students have been invited by enterprising vintners to taste the tap at a private hostelry, but they have preferred the old taverns. Balliol and Oriel on the Isis, Trinity and St. John's on the Cam, find the old bars crowded with thirsty youths, while Mr. Smith's Hall stands empty and melancholy. Popular language but reflects popular feeling, and we still prefer to send our sons to "College." Undergraduates now and then drop into a clever Professor's lecture-hall, but it is the College Tutor's class-room which parents and guardians obstinately affect. No doubt it is annoying to the conscious possessor of undeveloped teaching power to be unappreciated by the perverse taste of boys, but it is a question whether it is quite wise or dignified for the classless occupants of chairs to show that they are sore, and to exhibit their wounds through Mr. Ewart.

It is said that all that is proposed is to revert to the ancient University principle. The same argument is good for the revival of bows and arrows; and Mr. Disraeli has used it with unexampled success in persuading his docile sheep that his modern household suffrage is only a revival of the constitutional scot and lot franchise, and a rehabilitation of the ancient pot-walloper of the English borough. That well-worn archaeological fact, if it be a fact, of the Oxford ten thousand or—the quantity is a varying one—fifteen thousand students reappears in the recent debate. It may as well be said, and we must say it, that this populous Oxford must have been a great nuisance, and it is quite certain that it only produced a disorderly horde of needy vagabonds who learned nothing, and certainly did not tell on the extant education of the kingdom. It may be doubted whether the flame of learning did not burn more brightly in the monasteries than in the Universities of mediæval England. But it is something to find ardent reformers, in these utilitarian and what Coleridge calls *toutos-kosmos* days, with such very antiquarian tastes and old-world proclivities. Could the thing and its fruits be revived, which it cannot, we should have at any rate the fun of a doctor, versed in *omni scibili*, arguing his way from town to town, which would be, after all, only another form of Mr. Murphy's lectures and Mr. Bellew's readings. However, there is no accounting for tastes, and Chaucer's lean Oxenford clerk would be at least a variety after the wild Irish curate or popular preacher of these modern days.

We do not, however, suppose that Mr. Ewart meant to do more than show off a not uncommon knowledge of Huber's not uncommon book. He recommended his reform on more serious grounds—in the interests, that is, of the teachers, and those to be taught. In the professional system—and the non-Collegers are to have the benefit of no teaching but that of the public Professors—more lofty and comprehensive views of general subjects are to be inculcated. But lads of scanty preliminary education rather want humble and restricted instruction. They want the grammar and Euclid and syntax, not theories on all things human and divine. It is Cocker rather than Kant that the oatmeal-eater of Mr. Ewart wants for the battle of life in the colonies and in those London counting-houses which it is sanguinely hoped to recruit with B.A.'s. As regards the Professors, it may be doubted whether it would not turn out to be a case of Pegasus at plough; and at present our University Professors have done anything but the grinding which raw lads require. Nor does it seem to be remembered what enormous facilities have of late years been offered to the poor students in the improvement of middle-class schools, and in the University "non-gremial" examinations. Again, as to the Universities themselves, every resident interested in them is at this very moment engaged in discussing schemes for cheap Colleges, new Halls, and the reduction of expense in the existing societies. To take two years for this work seems, however, to Mr. Lowe to be so dilatory that the Universities must be subjected to pressure. It may be quite true, and it is, that Laud's Oxford reform extinguished the old and effete, and, if history is to be trusted, disorganized character of Oxford, in which the University was all in all; though it may also be argued that he superseded it with a better order of things. But the question is not whether Laud was an innovator or a reactionary, but whether the foreign idea of a University, a Bonn or a Berlin, or even an Aberdeen, can be made to work with the College system. It may come to this, that the two are irreconcilable, and that the end will be the suppression of the Colleges. Whatever the advantages of the German or Scotch system are—and that they have some may be admitted—these advantages are gained by the exclusive presence of a single system: that of a University without Colleges. A University of non-Collegers is one thing; a University of Collegers and non-Collegers is another. In the parallel matter of public schools it has not been found that the mixture of oppidans and boarders answers. At Rugby and at Harrow it is proposed to exclude the



representatives of those very classes—families settling in the town for the advantages of education—whom Mr. Ewart wishes to invite to the suburbs of Oxford and Cambridge. And while Mr. Ewart's Bill is professedly in the interests of poor parents and poor students, it seems to be forgotten that it is decidedly against the pecuniary interests of those who are benighted enough to prefer Colleges and College Tutors, and College-training and discipline. One direct consequence of the proposed reform, as Mr. Gladstone observed, must be to increase the length of the academic year—a sufficiently serious consideration to the poor parents, such as curates, who already strain every nerve to pay for Oxford or Cambridge training.

But the greatest, or at least the most practical, objection to the Bill is that it does not give the Universities a fair chance. What Oxford and Cambridge want is rest. In Universities, as in human bodies, the *vis recuperatrix nature* is needed. They have suffered many things of many physicians, and they are in a fair way of being doctored to death. Private Halls have failed; University Professors have not always attracted; the everlasting manipulation of class lists and new schools has succeeded in producing an educational conundrum, and all these reforms have not been very effective. Why not let Oxford and Cambridge have the benefit of the Darwinian law, and by natural selection get the best system, self-developed? Two whole years after all, *pace* Mr. Lowe, would not be so very much to give an institution which it is the delight, perhaps illusion, of its sons to trace back to Alfred, to manage its own affairs; and as far as we can judge from the reports of Oxford debates in Convocation—only we fancy that it is not Convocation which debates nowadays—it may well be trusted to originate schemes of reform enough in quantity, and sufficiently vague in quality, even to compete with Mr. Ewart himself.

#### THE LONDON HORSE-COPERS.

THE society of horse-copers has many haunts and innumerable dodges, and in general it may be stated that, wherever a man makes it apparent that he has money, and a belief that he understands horses, a copper will be found in the immediate neighbourhood ready to sell him some dear experience. It is, perhaps, rather surprising that members of this society are permitted to show their suspicious faces within the gates of respectable establishments for the sale of horses. At the Repository in Barbican, if the auctioneer sees a known horse-coper enter the yard, he immediately warns his audience that perhaps they may be invited to look at a horse outside. "We have nothing to do with any of these people, and I advise you to be equally particular." But other establishments do not adopt the same reasonable precaution. If one goes to an ordinary sale at Aldridge's, it is evident that many of the persons present have not come to buy horses. Some of the faces and figures which one sees there deserve an artist's study, and have doubtless undergone the study of the police. If you speak to one man, another is sure to approach near enough to hear what is said. He will walk by you slowly and carelessly, with eyes devoid of meaning, and face intent upon the ground or the sky. If you watch the men who are hanging about narrowly, you will find that they never waste a look upon the horses which are being trotted up and down to show their paces, but scan with furtive and penetrating eyes all persons who seem likely to become purchasers. They seek that combination of ready cash with simplicity or self-confidence which produces the congenial soil for what is called a "plant." They quickly distinguish persons who either have not money or are not likely to be induced to part with it, and upon such persons they do not waste their labour. But if a gentleman, young or old, is so sanguine as to believe that he can pick up a bargain in horse-flesh, they discover his weakness, and practise upon it immediately. Not far from Aldridge's establishment is Seven Dials, and in that appropriate locality are the yards where the copers stable their horses for the day. Strange old rambling and tumble-down buildings are to be found at the end of narrow and winding courts, or surrounding yards blocked up by dust-carts not in use. One of the most frequented of these haunts, where the same horses have probably been sold over and over again by the same men, has been often described by angry purchasers, to the police, as a yard with a blacksmith's forge in it. There is not too much daylight, nor any space which would allow a horse to display his action inconveniently. A gentleman brought hither from Aldridge's would, if he were wise, remember the proverb about buying a pig in a poke; but gentlemen are not always wise, and therefore the horse-coping business is likely to go on, although it is possible, as we shall show, to interfere considerably with its prosperity. A gentleman who has lately had dealings with the horse-coping fraternity, feeling a laudable desire to make the information thus acquired generally available, has favoured us with a narrative which proves that the attempt to get butter out of a dog's mouth is not absolutely hopeless. In laying this narrative before our readers we must premise that our informant has been familiar with horses during the whole of a life of which a large portion has been spent in the military service and field sports of India. His father, who went with him to buy horses, is a country clergyman, and has been necessarily used to riding and driving in a life of seventy-three years. There was therefore severe, although undesigned, satire in the words of a detective officer, who when our informant applied to him for assistance against horse-copers, remarked, "There are two classes

of persons who are generally victims to this sort of fellows; they are clergymen and officers returned from India." Upon our informant asking whether horse-coping could not be put a stop to, the detective inflicted a further wound by answering:—"As long, sir, as there are gentlemen like yourself, who have an opinion of their own, the evil will exist." The friends of this gentleman have doubtless made the most of the opportunity to be both merry and wise at his expense. But it must be a compensation to him to find that he has become something of a celebrity as the man who got his money back from horse-copers. It will be convenient to give his narrative in the first person as follows:—

"My father was in town not long since for a clergyman's fortnight. He required a parochial hack (not a curate); I required a brougham horse. Unfortunately for us it happened that an old college friend of my father's had some few years since purchased a very good useful horse at Aldridge's in St. Martin's Lane; so we, thinking we might possibly be equally successful, on a certain ill-fated Saturday drove to Aldridge's. On entering the premises a very curious spectacle presents itself to the uninitiated. One sees before one a busy mass of human beings with countenances quite unlike anything to be found elsewhere. The question was suggested to my mind, how can an establishment prosper when these are its principal customers? We shall presently see that some of these customers at all events prosper by attending the establishment. Having procured catalogues of the day's sale we retired to the most remote corner of the yard, and had no sooner taken up our position than my father was accosted by a young man who asked permission to look at his catalogue. This young man's appearance was in no way remarkable; he had the ruddy blush of health on his cheek, which had surely never been blanched by the polluted atmosphere of an overcrowded city, and he was habited in the shiny black frock-coat in which young farmers delight to worship on Sundays. Immediately that this young man commenced perusing the catalogue, he in his turn was accosted by a middle-aged man, evidently in the horse-dealing line, who spoke to him for a minute or so with the most extraordinary rapidity of utterance and then departed. My father was so astonished at this man's volubility that he asked the young man what the other said. He answered that he was offering him money for two horses, which he (the young man) had that morning brought to town with the intention of selling them by auction on that day, but on arriving at Aldridge's he found that all horses had to be sent two days previous to the sale. The horses belonged to his father, who had bred them, and who was only parting with them because he was giving up farming; they were in a shed close by, would he come and look at them? On my representing to my father that 'it was a plant,' I was met with 'I beg your pardon, I don't understand you.' My much-respected and dearly-loved parent does now perfectly understand the meaning of this expression. Before we had been on the premises five minutes we quitted them in company with the farmer's son, who led the way without hurry through some narrow streets, descending in an easy, quiet tone on the merits of his animals, and answering questions. The revolution that took place in my mind during this walk of a few minutes was so complete, that I was prepared to accept the animals without the most ordinary precautions, if they looked at all likely; for having once commenced to believe anything, the rapidity with which implicit belief follows is marvellous. The horses were in full suits of clothing, of which the farmer's son appeared to have some difficulty in making the grooms divest them. They were led out into a narrow lane, the only exit from which was blocked up, or nearly so, by a waggon, so we could only see them trot for some twenty yards. The hood of the larger, or brougham, horse was never removed, and on his being put into the shed again, and the farmer's son saying he should like to make as near thirty guineas of him as he could, my father silently touched me. In a very few minutes we purchased the two horses for fifty-three guineas. The farmer's son remarked that the horses were not accustomed to London, and might fall on the stones and break their knees. But if this did not happen, he would, if desired, take them back within a month. I gave the groom my card, and wrote on it the number of my stables, telling him to take the animals there at once. The owner of the horses and ourselves then retraced our steps, my father remarking how exceedingly fortunate we had been in stumbling upon such a chance. 'His father bred them. They have never been out of his hands, and he is so truthful.' Not having a cheque-book in my pocket, I suggested that the farmer's son should return to my house in my brougham, which was waiting at Aldridge's, and he did so. On the way we heard the highest character of the horses, and we were informed, in answer to a sympathizing question from my father, that his father had not suffered much by the cattle plague. Knowing all that I now do about this ingenious farmer's son, I cannot but admire the skill with which he played his part. When we reached my house, which is near the Marble Arch, he gazed about him, said it was rather an out-of-the-way place, and asked whether there was any chance of getting a cab. He wanted a cab, because he was in a hurry to get to Finsbury. My servant, by my desire, fetched a cab for him, and he drove away in it, being doubtless in a hurry to get cash for the cheque which I handed to him. But before parting, we drank success to the bargain in a glass of my best sherry.

"On the evening of that memorable Saturday, I discovered that the brougham horse, which appeared to be wholly black, was not so by nature, for two white legs and a blaze had been concealed

by painter's skill. Besides, he was the most fearful roarer that can be conceived. Now, the question was, what was to be done? On inquiry at Aldridge's, I was told that we had been the victims of some of the cleverest horse-copers in London, and the man who was seen going out of their yard with us was a well-known member of the society. But a gentleman employed at Aldridge's said, 'If you stick to them you'll get your money back,' and I determined that I would stick to them until either I got my money or my man. By the assistance of a detective officer, I speedily ascertained that this ruddy-complexioned, simple, truthful farmer's son was the landlord of an exceedingly low beer-house in Shoreditch, and that he was absent from home. Through various channels I gained a great deal of information about this gang of horse-copers, and after I had had the horses a few days I sent a message to the head of the gang to say that, if they chose to return me 35*l.*, and take back the horses, I should say no more about it. A week elapsed, and no answer; so I sent again, saying I should not now take less than 40*l.* The farmer's son was still absent from home. I went to places where I was likely to meet horse-copers, and revisited the shed where I purchased the horses, and I stated everywhere that if the man that sold me the horses could make a living out of London, well and good, but that if he wanted to make a living in London, he must come to me. Another week passed, and still no answer to my message; so I sent again, and said that my price was now 45*l.* A few days after this last message a man dressed like an artisan, and not in the least 'horsey' in his appearance, called on me and stated that he had heard I wanted to dispose of two horses, and offered to buy the roarer. He described it as such a bad one that if it were put into a field it would blow all the roots out of the ground in the next field. Of course he knew nothing of the people from whom I had purchased the horses. After ten minutes' conversation I was compelled to tell him that I thought we had been talking sufficient nonsense. I said 'When a man is playing a game of cards, he does not throw away the best trump he has in his hand; and the big horse is my "best trump."' I added that I had been expecting his visit for some time; that he knew the price I required—namely, 45*l.*; that if he chose to give me that he might either take or leave the horses as he pleased; he said it was quite out of the question, and departed. Three days afterwards the same man, accompanied by another man of highly unprepossessing aspect, came to my house, and the result of a few words was that they paid the 45*l.* and took away the horses. Had I insisted on having the whole 55*l.* refunded, I should doubtless have succeeded, but having said I would take the lesser sum I did so. Those persons who have been victimized by horse-copers will doubtless recollect that they had to smile under the jeers of their friends, who patted them on the back over a glass of claret, and gave them the advice usual in such cases. 'Depend on it, my dear young fellow, the first loss is the cheapest.' I happened to have an aged friend who addressed me in this strain, and told me that some time since he had given the same advice to a friend, in consequence of which advice his friend had put up with a serious loss, the screws having been sent to the hammer, and probably bought in by the same gang who sold them. Almost the first thing I did after getting back my money was to drive to the house of my aged friend. I had the satisfaction of shaking the recovered sovereigns in his face, and telling him there were two things he had to do—first, to apologize to me for the insulting tone he had adopted in the matter; and, secondly, to send his friend a cheque for the amount he had lost by taking his bad advice. Those only who have suffered like myself can appreciate the keen enjoyment of first bringing the horse-copers on their marrow-bones; and, secondly, of convincing certain of one's friends, who know everything, that a little perseverance is more valuable than their supreme wisdom, and that a cock who makes a good fight, though he may be beaten, is a better fellow than one that shows no fight at all.' Our informant adds the following note of a conversation which he lately held at Aldridge's with the man who bought back the horses:—

COPER. You ought to have kept the little horse, Sir; just see how many times I shall have to sell the big one to get back that 45*l.*

GENTLEMAN. I suppose the big horse is a useful one to you; you will no doubt make money of him.

COPER. Well, Sir, you see we live in hope.

The coper added in a feeling tone that the gentleman had got experience and amusement "really cheap" at 10*l.* "It might have cost you 200*l.*, what you now know." The coper again said:—

There's a young gent, Sir, that lives up your way.

GENTLEMAN. Why don't you try him like you did me?

COPER. Oh! we shot him long ago.

GENTLEMAN. Yes! how did he get out of it?

COPER. We bought the horse back for 5*l.*

GENTLEMAN. What did he give originally?

COPER. 35*l.*

GENTLEMAN. Then he got worse out of it than I did?

COPER. Yes, Sir; you see he was a better plucked one than you were.

In reference to the farmer's son he said, "Did he do it well? He mostly does. Oh! he is a clever man."

Another frequenter of Aldridge's, pretending to be above horse-coping, but really playing the game better than any man in London, remarked to our informant in reference to his horses, "What ruffians they were! I never did see such blackguards." The New Cattle Market on Friday afternoon is a usual haunt of the gang, but our informant, when he went there, found it quite deserted. His guide explained to him that "they felt a breeze"—meaning, probably, from Scotland Yard.

The explanation of our informant's success doubtless is that the horse-copers were fearful of being prosecuted for a conspiracy to defraud him. It was pretended that the horses had never been off the farm from which the rustic youth came, whereas the big brougham horse had been sold by copers and bought back again time after time in London. But as only the farmer's son appeared in the transaction, there would have been this difficulty, that you cannot indict a single person for a conspiracy. It is a common trick to ask the purchaser for a lock of the tail. "My sister constantly rode the horse, and we only part with him because we are giving up the farm. Please to give me a lock of the tail to take back to my sister." A prosecution was actually instituted last year at the Old Bailey, and a conviction was obtained against two horse-copers. In that case it was pretended that a pair of carriage-horses were the property of "The Hon. Mrs. Webb, of Ambleside." They had been driven by her deceased husband, and she could not bear the sight of them now that he was dead. The prosecutor stated that he was a judge of horses "to a certain extent," and he admitted that he expected, if the horses were sound, he should get a bargain. Gentlemen who have this expectation and this opinion of their own judgment are the cause why horse-copers exist. We have heard that in a recent case a gentleman who had been defrauded asked redress from the leader of the gang and received the answer, "Our position is clear. We've got the money and you've got the asses." To this the gentleman responded, "Yes, and there is only one thing more wanted to make the arrangement complete—that is, to get my man, and I've got him." In fact the gentleman had taken the strong measure of procuring a policeman to arrest without warrant the actual perpetrator of the fraud. The money was forthwith refunded.

An elderly gentleman, who visited the Repository in Barbican, was accosted just outside by a respectably-dressed man with an umbrella, who remarked, "This is not a bad place to buy a horse." The next moment came up a big burly countryman, speaking the broadest Yorkshire dialect, who said to the old gentleman, "Do you know, Sir, where the Barbican is?" "Why, my man," was the answer, "this is it." "Oh! is it," responded the Yorkshireman; "I brought up a horse to be sold at the Barbican, and I will sell him for what he will fetch"—explaining that he could not deal with the expected purchaser. The elderly gentleman, after thus far narrating his adventure, added, "When I heard this I buttoned up my breeches-pocket, and ran away as fast as I could." We will only add that wise are they who, under similar circumstances, do the same thing; for many men can pay money, but only a few can get it back again.

#### CRICKET AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

THE two Universities, each on its own ground, have played the first of their trial matches with the Marylebone Club. Next week they will come to Lord's for the return contests, and before those are decided we think it might be advantageous to endeavour to form an estimate of the respective and relative merits of the two elevens. We will commence with a brief résumé of the two matches. The Marylebone eleven selected to play against Cambridge were Messrs. Balfour, Stow, H. Perkins, Tuck, R. D. Walker, V. E. Walker, Hone, and Crawley, with Grundy, Wootton, and Hearne. There was no excessive strength of batting here, but the bowling was well calculated to test the hitting and defensive powers of their opponents. The University went in first, and obtained 164 runs. Only four, however, out of the eleven made important contributions to this very respectable score. Mr. Savile obtained 49, Mr. Warner 43, Mr. H. A. Richardson 24, and Mr. Lytton 23. Mr. Savile has an excellent defence, particularly—which is rare with young players—of the leg-stump; he also hits well on the on-side. Mr. Warner's innings, however, was incomparably the best of the day. He plays well and freely all round, and loses no time in getting his runs. Mr. H. A. Richardson has a commanding reach, can hit hard, and, as we often had occasion to notice last year, can show great defence against the very best of bowling. Partly, however, from over-confidence, and partly from a natural indifference to the results of second-class matches, he has failed to establish at Cambridge a reputation equal to his merits. In the second innings of the University almost the same numerical total of runs was obtained, but only one player, Mr. Absolom, exhibited any formidable batting ability. He contributed 94 out of the 161 runs. His style is not pretty, but it is effective. He is well able to stop straight bowling, and pretty careful, in the main, to attend to this much-neglected branch of cricketing science. He is also a good down-right hitter, though too much inclined to hit high as well as hard. The M.C.C. only obtained 107 runs in their first innings, out of which Mr. Hone and Hearne contributed 81. At their second essay, however, they got 105 runs with four wickets down, Hearne being not out with 55 standing to his credit. We only speak of the batting on this side as illustrative of the University bowling. Out of thirteen M.C.C. wickets that fell eight were taken by Mr. Pelham, Mr. Weighell got three, Mr. Green and Mr. Absolom one each, while Mr. Lane and Mr. Hood failed to make any impression. Truth to say, the bowling, with the exception of Mr. Pelham's, was very ordinary. Mr. Green has gone off since last year, and his delivery was always a tiring one, and ill-calculated for lasting purposes. Mr. Weighell is erratic, but occasionally effective. Mr. Absolom might be successful under certain favourable circumstances of ground and wind; otherwise, a



good forward hitter would soon knock him off. The general fielding was very good, that of Mr. J. M. Richardson in particular being brilliant, but then on a ground like Fenner's fielding ought to be good. We will now glance at the Oxford match. The M.C.C. eleven was decidedly stronger than that which played at Cambridge, the professionals being Wootton, A. Shaw, Hearne, and Biddulph, and the amateurs Messrs. A. J. Wilkinson, W. Hone, R. D. Walker, J. A. Pepys, Balfour, Round, and H. Hoare. The ground was difficult at first, on account of recent rains, and was all against batting. The University won the toss, and very imprudently went in first. Very small scores were the result, the total of the innings amounting only to 74. But some of the contributions, small as they were, were obtained in really good style, and notably Mr. Tritton's 18, Mr. Case's 7, and Mr. Fellowes's 4 (not out) represented an amount of real batting ability by no means to be measured by the results accomplished on this particular occasion. In their second innings the same gentlemen exhibited a steadiness of defence against the superb bowling of Shaw and Wootton, aided as it was by the nature of the ground, that was worth any quantity of flash hitting on easy wickets. It is true that there are some weak batsmen on the side; but, as we shall take occasion to remark afterwards, we do not consider this to be a matter of primary importance. The M.C.C. were not under the necessity of taking their second innings, as the 195 runs which they amassed in the first exceeded the total obtained by Oxford in both of theirs. But 119 of these were made by Messrs. Hone and Pepys, and it has rarely fallen to our lot to see such a thoroughly good illustration of the science of batting as was shown by the former of these two gentlemen. His defence is extraordinary, particularly on the leg-side; and it is well known that Mr. Fellowes bowls most persistently at the leg stump. He bowled his best in this match, and we are certain that none but a player possessed of the greatest coolness, patience, and perseverance could have had a chance of resisting it successfully. Against such an eleven as was here opposed to him the analysis of Mr. Fellowes's bowling—60 overs, 30 maidens, 67 runs, 5 wickets—is its best recommendation. We were sorry to see that Mr. Kenney kept sending in pitched-up balls to the off. This is the great vice of left-handed bowlers, and invariably meets with summary punishment. Otherwise his bowling is difficult to play, and will be probably effective at Lord's. Mr. Maitland also did good service at times. The fielding was unquestionably inferior to that of the sister University. We saw one or two catches missed that ought to have been secured with the greatest ease. On the other hand, the wicket-keeping of Mr. Reid was singularly efficient, though, like many brilliant performers, he took all the difficult balls, and allowed one or two easy ones to escape him, as being perhaps beneath his notice.

In striking a comparison between the two elevens, people will be very apt to base it on the mere matter-of-fact results as here recorded. Gross facts, as that a Cambridge man got 94 runs, while the highest scorer for Oxford against bowling no whit superior only obtained 32, naturally make a great impression. In addition, few lookers-on have judgment enough to discriminate between excellence which brings forth moderate but certain results, and mediocrity which, by the will of fortune, is lifted at times into unexpected prominence. In like manner in regard to bowling. To look at the scoring-sheet is enough for some people. To look at attendant circumstances as well as at the scoring-sheet, and then to make the conclusions from the one conformable to the conclusions from the other, demands a marked effort, slight indeed, but not seldom found to be wearisome. Public opinion places Cambridge this year above Oxford, solely on the testimony of the scoring-sheet. Cambridge batting was respectable, was sufficient to avert humiliation, was, in one instance, proof against all attack. The men of Oxford fell like corn before the reaper. Cambridge bowlers suffered one only to make head against them, and that one the most successful professional batsman of the day. Oxford bowling was knocked into the highways and hedges by two amateurs, good it is true, but whose fame has not hitherto been great in the pavilions. The Cambridge cover-point covered every one else, as well as point; the Oxford long-field, after being carefully planted on a particular spot with that mature deliberation which is always shown by slow bowlers in the location of their men, missed two catches from two consecutive balls which a feeling batsman sent into his hands. We admit all this, and yet we demur to the seemingly inevitable conclusion that Cambridge is this year better than Oxford. To verify that conclusion, Cambridge must be better than Oxford on Lord's ground, and that, we submit, is by no means certain. It is possible—all things are possible. But the Cambridge men labour under this disadvantage, that they are accustomed to play on a ground faultlessly true, and wonderfully easy. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Fenner's ground has been the ruin of Cambridge cricket. A good eye and strong arms—and most young players have good eyes and strong arms—are all that is wanted. With perfect confidence in the ground, men are apt to go in exclusively for hitting, and to neglect defence. Nearly all the Cambridge batsmen of the last few years have been fine and free hitters, and nothing more. Even Mr. Lyttelton himself never showed his real qualities in the University matches, but always appeared to be hampered by the peculiar difficulties of Lord's ground. Others whom we might name, and fine batsmen elsewhere, were like infants at Lord's. The Oxford players, on the other hand, are accustomed to ground where runs cannot be

always got at the rate of sixty an hour, and where the course of the ball bowled will not always lie in a perfectly straight line. They are prepared for balls that hang, and shoot, and break, and twist; they are prepared for peculiarities of ground as well as for peculiarities of bowlers; and thus, when they come up to Lord's they are not taken aback, as others are who are constrained of a sudden to adopt a style of batting altogether foreign to their tastes and habits. It was the patient defence and unswerving steadiness of Mr. Maitland last year and Mr. Mitchell the year before, as well as their fine hitting, that gave the victory on each occasion to Oxford. They killed the bowling first, and hit it afterwards. Cambridge men want to hit it first, and naturally they get killed themselves. Another thing against Cambridge is that it is a wonderfully easy thing to make a reputation on their ground, which, in point of fact, may be wholly undeserved. Hundreds come fast and frequently at Fenner's; and a captain, looking out for good men, naturally thinks a good deal of any one who gets his hundred in about two hours without giving more than a fair allowance of chances. Young men, as a general rule, are but poor judges of the game, and think that all that glitters is gold; and as far as regards judgment and discretion in the management of the match, Oxford of late years has had almost a monopoly of brains. Nothing can be more childish than to persist in playing some men who never get runs on any ground but one, and in shutting out other men who always get runs on every ground but one. Mr. Warren, the best bat of the Cambridge eleven last year, was appreciated by his county much more than by his University. Mr. H. A. Richardson was left out altogether, and his performances during the summer were a fine answer to the Cambridge connoisseurs. His average for the season in first-class matches was 31 and 8 over, and his average for Kent, his county, was 26. On the Gravesend ground, by no means the easiest in England, he obtained 92 runs against the bowling of James Lillywhite and six other professionals; and what the quality of James Lillywhite's bowling was may be judged from the following analysis:—109 overs, 65 maidens, 108 runs, 9 wickets. Against the same bowling at Brighton he scored 15 and 50, and considering that the Brighton ground is all against the bowler, Lillywhite's figures are more extraordinary even than before:—92 overs, 56 maidens, 88 runs, 11 wickets. We need not go further into details. It must be apparent to the most ignorant that such scores, obtained on different grounds against the finest professional bowling in England, are a far better criterion of the merits of a batsman than any number of hundreds obtained by wild logging on Fenner's against particularly moderate amateur bowling. Of all who have distinguished themselves this year at Cambridge, we doubt whether more than three will stand up long before the Oxford bowling on July the 1st.

For, after all, in the majority of cases, the best bowling wins at Lord's. And no one can question the superiority of the Oxford bowling. Mr. Pelham, indeed, is almost good enough to win the match, and unfortunate enough just to lose it. We have no faith in the other Cambridge bowlers, who, if they get wickets, will be certain to get them expensively; and the best of them, Mr. Brune, has never been tried at Lord's yet. On the other hand, the ground is just suited to Mr. Fellowes's bowling, and he is not a man who tires easily. Mr. Carter, also, is very difficult to hit, his bowling cutting across with remarkable quickness. Last year he bowled 24 overs, 14 maidens, 17 runs, for 4 wickets. And then there are Mr. Kenney and Mr. Maitland in reserve. In fielding alone Cambridge, as it appears to us, has the advantage; and that is but a broken reed to depend upon. We do not say that the Oxford batting is remarkably good, but we feel confident that it is good enough for Cambridge bowling; we do not say that the Cambridge batting is intrinsically bad, but we do not believe that it is good enough for Oxford bowling. As to the difference in the fielding, it will not alter the score twenty runs either way. Should any new bowlers be discovered at Cambridge, fast, straight, and enduring, we might take a different view of the case; but we fear that it is too late to look now for such a piece of good fortune.

#### STOCKBRIDGE RACES.

THE attractions of Stockbridge are good racing, beautiful scenery, and an absence of all the turmoil and crowding of ordinary race-meetings. The course, situated in "a cup-like hollow of the downs," and in close proximity to the great Danebury racing establishment, is of an undulating nature, and both the ascents and descents are calculated to try in no ordinary manner the stamina and strength of the competitors. The herbage is abundant, and the bottom of the turf is peculiarly sound; and we should fancy that even in very dry weather horses may be galloped with much less risk than on many training grounds. The stakes also are very valuable, and the number of subscribers is very large; it would seem difficult, therefore, to find any just cause or impediment why the Stockbridge meeting should not be one of the most interesting in the year. Yet we may safely say that this year such a cause did exist, arising from the fact that nearly all the first-class performers of this year are in one stable. Opposition was fruitless; and consequently the fields were small, and the prizes were swept off one after another almost without the semblance of a struggle. We must make an exception, however, in favour of the first day, when, after the

handsome Tumbler had won the opening Sweepstakes, Leonie and Athena contended for the Hamilton Stakes of 1,000 sovs. each. To see the match between these magnificent fillies, it would have been worth while to travel from one end of England to the other. Alike in colour, alike in bloom of condition, of equal height, and almost equally taking to the eye in make and shape, a man might well be puzzled to say which of the two he would prefer. Leonie had only been out once before, and had beaten a moderate field, the best of whom was Vex, with the most ridiculous ease. Athena had not only walked away from a score of competitors in a Maiden Plate, but a couple of hours afterwards had beaten Grimston over his own distance up the Criterion hill without difficulty. This performance, coupled with the prestige attaching to the Danebury stable from the victories of Lady Elizabeth and Europa, gave her a *status* which it could scarcely be expected that Leonie should hold; but as the two walked past the Stand very few doubted that the match would be really a match, and that the competitors were well worthy of each other. Athena made play for two-thirds of the distance, and certainly at the commencement of the enclosure appeared to have the race in hand, but directly Leonie was called upon she answered most willingly, and Fordham in turn had to call on Athena. The pair passed the Stand locked together; but it seemed to us that Athena required more riding to make her stick to her work than the other. Leonie ran most unflinchingly, and the result was a dead heat. Leonie was ridden the longest, but Athena was ridden the hardest, of which her well-spurred sides gave clear evidence. The Duke of Hamilton's filly was scarcely touched, and looked much the fresher of the two after the race. Had we now been offered our choice of the pair, before the deciding heat was run off, we should unquestionably have taken Leonie. It was a great pity that the stakes were not divided, for no one can form any estimate of the injury done to young horses by making them run two severe races in one day over a severe course; but, according to present fashion, the life of a racehorse is to be short and lucrative, and so it is of no use to protest against the system. In an age of railways and electric telegraphs people do not want horses who can stay. They despise all but those who can fly. In the deciding heat the pair ran side by side to the dip, where Edwards let out Leonie, who rushed up the hill in magnificent style, and won from that moment, Athena being quite unable to live with her. The performance stamps the winner as far away the best animal out this year, and we are confident that she has a stronger constitution than Athena, who exhibited unequivocal signs of distress. The next race, also a thousand sovereign Sweepstakes, was again a match between Lord Hastings and the Duke of Hamilton, who were respectively represented by Mameluke and Innerdale. The former, of whom great reports had been spread, is no beauty, but is a colt of great strength and bone. He will undoubtedly improve, if he is not run off his legs; but we shall be greatly astonished if he turns out, as some presage, the best of the Danebury lot. Innerdale is small, but possesses a fair turn of speed. But we doubt whether he will ever be more than a second-class horse. He tried his best to cut down his raw antagonist, and very nearly succeeded, for Fordham had some trouble to bring Mameluke up, and get him in first by a head. The victory is not of very great merit, but we suppose that Mameluke's friends would not have him judged by this performance. In the Bibury Stakes, Ailesbury, with Fordham up, was too much for the gentlemen riders, though Lucifer made a good struggle for him, at the finish. Another Danebury filly, Europa, won the Ninth Biennial, and her stable companion, See-Saw, was second. Ironmaster, a strong useful sort of colt, was third, but the chances of the first two were never in jeopardy. Then came Paris in a selling race, who was in a worse temper even than usual. He ran in blinkers, and took several preliminary gallops on his own account over various parts of the downs. At last he got badly off, but made up his ground for all that, and won cleverly by a neck. See-Saw was brought out again for the Champagne Stakes, her principal opponents being Rabican, Angus, and St. Ronan. It will be remembered that, at the Middle Park sale last year, Angus fetched two thousand five hundred pounds, and St. Ronan two thousand. They appeared in public for the first time on this occasion. Angus may be dismissed at once as worthless for any great race in good company. St. Ronan, on the other hand, is a great big colt, not half ready at present, but with every promise of becoming a racehorse. Whether he will be suited to the Derby course is another question. He ran very fairly, but did not seem to us to relish the hill much. Angus also ran more prominently than we expected, though he had nothing left in him at the last. See-Saw, despite his previous race with Europa, came with a rush at the finish and beat Rabican cleverly; but the latter, as well as Mortemer, another French colt who ran earlier in the day, will doubtless improve on his performances hitherto. The last event of the day, won by Merry Monarch, is only noticeable from the fact that Fordham rode him, and thus won six out of the eight races, besides the dead-heat between Leonie and Athena.

Wednesday was a very stupid day. The stakes were good enough, but nearly all the events were reduced to certainties, and all the certainties came off. Nothing can be so uninteresting as to watch race after race won in a canter, which, for all practical purposes, might be a walk-over. Innerdale began by beating Lady Grace, Hatchment, and three more. Lady Grace is a good-looking filly in the Danebury stable;

but of course, from Innerdale's race with Mameluke the day before, her chance could be measured to a nicety. Three ran for the Railway Plate, but only two took part in the race. Sir F. Johnstone's filly by Knight of St. Patrick out of Miss Stamford, being of a disagreeable disposition, was carefully led down to the post by an attendant, and the attendant being also careful to hold her with increased tightness when the flag fell, she was enabled to survey the heels of the other two as they raced down the hill, and eventually, under guidance of the same intelligent custodian, to walk back to the place from whence she came. The presence of Lady Elizabeth, the Achievement of 1867, in the Eltham Plate frightened away the whole four score entered, saving one. Ironmaster was this bold adventurer, but as he is going to be sold, he was in all probability brought out to exhibit his paces before the eyes of intending purchasers. It is needless to say that Lady Elizabeth won as she liked. A little later a similarly easy triumph was achieved by Vauban. Ailesbury, Montgoubert, and Opoanax opposed him in the Eighth Biennial, and Seville made the running for him. This was done as effectually as at Ascot, Seville leading, in fact, for more than a mile. Vauban then came out, and won as he liked, and, seemingly, if the pace is only good enough, the further he goes the better he likes it. The next race, calling itself a handicap, was in fact a mere gift to Julius, and we wonder that he was not allowed to walk over. As it was, only three out of thirty-two subscribers opposed him, and the Duke of Newcastle's handsome horse won, as he was bound to win, in a canter. Lady Elizabeth wound up the day by walking over for the Coventry Stakes. The certainties continued on Thursday, and as a matter of business, there was really nothing to do. The roar of the ring was fairly hushed, and one favourite after another cantered past the winning-post with almost painful monotony. Athena began, leaving her solitary antagonist, Corinne, in the far distance. Then came Lady Elizabeth again for the rich Troy Stakes, and only St. Ronan, Rabican, and Innerdale opposed her. Though St. Ronan made something of a race, the issue was never in doubt; but Lady Elizabeth, at all times a nervous and fretful filly, galloped with much less freedom than usual, and looked decidedly as if she were getting tired of such continuous racing. And well enough she may be, having, if we mistake not, won up to Thursday nine races, some of which—those with Grimston, for instance—have been severe trials of speed and endurance. She will go off now, it may be feared, if she is not indulged with some rest. Next came Lord Lyon for the Stockbridge Cup; and Ostreger, and Mameluke, and four who shall be nameless, opposed him. It was bad policy to bring out an unfurnished youngster like Mameluke, against such a horse as Lord Lyon, particularly over a very trying course. It was quite sufficient to jeopardize all his future prospects. It is needless to say that he had nothing to do with the race, though he was whipped and spurred and driven along for three parts of the distance. He could not get within twenty lengths of Lord Lyon and Ostreger, who finished first and second. The former won easily, but did not go at all with his wonted freedom. Leonie, who was most judiciously withdrawn from the preceding contest, had a nice exercise canter in the Mottisfont Stakes, her seven opponents never being able to extend her. Her action is delicious to behold, and the more we see of her the more we like her. There would have been a good half-mile spin between Historian (with a most lenient impost of 7 st.) and Wild Moor in the Hastings Plate, had not the latter swerved just as the flag fell, and lost so much ground thereby that he never had a chance of reaching Sir F. Johnstone's horse, though he overhauled all the others very rapidly. Paris won another selling plate, and, in the hands of Fordham, gave less trouble than usual. The Gentlemen's Derby was left to three Danebury horses and Lucifer, and the latter had no difficulty in beating Black Prince, and the last race was a walk over for Mameluke.

It will be readily seen from the foregoing remarks that the great form of the Danebury horses this year has been a serious drawback to the success of the Stockbridge meeting. Competition is as all-important in racing as in everything else, but almost all competition was paralysed here. The best horses running on their own ground must be invincible. The handicaps, again, were not only, in the main, signal failures, but something worse. We can only repeat an opinion which we have expressed before, that the present system of handicapping cannot go on long, and that the sooner it comes to an end the better. We hinted at the commencement that it would have been worth while to travel from Berwick-upon-Tweed to witness the match between Athena and Leonie; but that over, we should have recommended any one not officially bound to remain to make immediate use of his return-ticket.

## REVIEWS.

### THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.\*

THE third edition of Mr. Lewes's *History of Philosophy* is to so great an extent a new work as to claim more at our hands than merely to have its appearance registered. Not to speak of corrections and improvements, the additions made have nearly doubled in bulk the one volume of the second edition of 1857.

\* *The History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.* By George Henry Lewes. Third Edition. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.



The change in the title indicates that, besides additions and alterations, another point of view has been adopted as the clue which guides the steps of the historian. The biographies are indeed retained, and even enlarged, but personal biography of the philosophers has now become secondary to the object of deducing the great lesson of the history of philosophy—namely, the nullity of the pursuit. To read this lesson was indeed from the very first Mr. Lewes's purpose, and is avowed as such in the first sketch of his work, for such we may call the four pocket volumes published in 1845-6. Twenty years have only made clearer his conviction, and ripened his purpose. Estimates of particular men and special theories have altered as the writer's knowledge has enlarged. Much that was dark then has become clear. Much that was conviction then has ceased to be conviction. But the spirit is unchanged, and the features of the third-form boy may be recognised in those of the iron-grey citizen.

The spirit which is unchanged is a spirit, not of sympathy with the progress and triumphs of philosophy, but of undisguised satisfaction at its failure. Mr. Lewes indeed speaks of the "noble pioneers who have perished in the trenches," and would raise a monument to their devotion while making a bridge of their dead bodies. But these are passing compliments. The tone of the book is distinctly one of contempt for philosophy, for a method which is "not only hopeless, but nowadays pernicious." This freezing politeness and civil scorn does not proceed in the case of Mr. Lewes, as it has often proceeded, from a secret scepticism, from despair of human endeavour, or a profound conviction of the feebleness of thought. On the contrary, he is one of the most sanguine of thinkers. He is confident that though for three or four thousand years the human mind has been lost in a hopeless maze of false and fictitious notions, yet now at last it has found the true road, and its wanderings are at an end. The universal bankruptcy of all previous thinking need not trouble or depress us, since for our generation has been reserved the revelation of the truth. The efforts of all the philosophers of all the ages have been, not merely partially unsuccessful, but radically and hopelessly wrong. The Positive philosophy is not merely a better attempt than all previous attempts, an improvement upon the old methods, but a disclosure of absolute truth, which supersedes and annihilates all that has been hitherto miscalled philosophy, and which must for all future time unalterably possess the convictions of the race. Other dynasties have conquered the world, and reigned for their time—Socrates, Aristotle, Peter Lombard, Bacon, Descartes, Kant—but they have been successively deposed to make way for a new system, equally sure in its turn to pass away. A new era has now dawned. The Positive philosophy is distinguished from all its precursors by the circumstance that it can never have a successor or a rival. For the first time in history an explanation of the world, society, and man is presented which is totally new, and thoroughly in accordance with all other knowledge. This philosophy, superseding all others, can itself never be superseded.

This being the relation in which the Positive philosophy stands to all previous philosophies, the attitude of the historian could not possibly be other than that which Mr. Lewes has adopted. The contemplation of the frightful waste of intellectual ingenuity, the impotent struggles of the speculative reason from Thales to Hegel, would crush us under a painful sense of human imbecility, were it not balanced by the consideration that our generation has come into possession of the truth. The consideration of our own extraordinary good fortune in having happened to live just late enough to enjoy the blessing of knowing the first true philosophy that has ever been thought out, may well overcome and chase away from our minds all melancholy reflections upon the hallucinations in the vain pursuit of which past ages have spent their strength. Some degree of exultation may be allowable in us. *Nos ex æquat victoria cælo*. In itself, indeed, the history of philosophy is a mournful picture:—

We are to witness the mighty struggle and the sad defeat; we are to watch the progress and development of that vast but ineffectual attempt which the sublime audacity of man has for centuries renewed. Great intellects and great hopes are to pass in review. The traces are to be noted which they have left upon that desert whose only semblance of vegetation is a mirage—the desert without fruit, without flower, without habitation, arid, trackless, and silent, but vast, awful, and fascinating. To trace the footsteps of the wanderers, to follow them on their gigantic journeys, to point again the moral of "poor humanity's afflicted will, struggling in vain with ruthless destiny"—

thus it is that Mr. Lewes paints the task of the historian of philosophy. Unlike the historian of science, he has to record, not a slow and steady progress, but a perpetual defeat. He has to tell, not of the toilsome but sure acquisition of real fact, but of the fruitless chase of phantoms—phantoms mistaken for reality. All metaphysical systems being equally false and equally worthless, all the books so laboriously written by philosophers being about nothing at all, mere day-dreaming—*ὄναρ ἡμποσάρον*—we might feel some surprise that any modern thinker, to whom science and the wide domain of positive knowledge are open, should spend his time and labour in turning over the mouldy records of past thinking. Can it be worth while to preserve the memory of the metaphysicians any more than that of the Rosicrucians? Is an elaborate restatement of the cobwebs spun from the brain of Descartes or Hegel an undertaking worthy of our age, which has so much of serious investigation upon its hands? Nay, is it wise to resuscitate trash which may be dangerous because it is fascinating? The only justification of such an undertaking is that an exhibition of the follies of philosophers is the best

safeguard of youth against the seductions of philosophy. To apply Schiller's dictum, the history of philosophy is the condemnation of philosophy. We are unavoidably reminded, by Mr. Lewes's treatment of philosophy, of the treatment of the heathen mythologies by the early Christian Fathers. Clement of Alexandria, *e.g.*, thought he could not expose heathenism more effectually than by a detailed analysis of some of its principal myths and legends. His famous "Exhortation to the Greeks" consists almost entirely of an abstract of legendary poetry, with the one refrain of comment, "You see what absurd and immoral bosh this is!" Just so the one lesson which the historian of philosophy can draw from his wide literary survey is, "You see how impotent the subjective method is to establish one permanent truth!" In the eyes of the Christian dogmatist, the Greek poets were authors of rival creeds, and he could only throw aside Homer with contempt because it was "not true." In the eyes of the Positivist who is in possession of a "doctrine" of absolute truth, all philosophical literature appears teeming with rival systems which are worthless because "not true." But as this is the one only lesson we can learn from the most developed examination of the literature of philosophy—namely, that it is none of it "true"—it may perhaps be a question if it would not be as well to assume this at the outset, and to spare ourselves a toilsome study of books which are a great deal more difficult reading than the romances of chivalry, but not one whit more profitable.

The portions of the third edition which are entirely new matter are very considerable. The *Prolegomena*, extending to 115 pages—the articles "Scholasticism," "Arabian Philosophy," and "Roger Bacon"—come under this head. The chapters on Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, Condillac, and Hartley have been rewritten. Kant has been restudied, and the exposition and criticism of his doctrines are new. The chapter on Gall has also been rewritten, with a more decisive presentation of his claims, and a more decisive exposition of his imperfections. But the most interesting novelty will probably be the concluding chapter on Auguste Comte. Here the tone of the chronicler changes for the first time. Instead of having to point the ceaseless moral of inevitable and foreseen failure, we are introduced to an achievement—the first real achievement in the annals of philosophy. For, though a tribute is paid by Mr. Lewes to the greatness of Aristotle, it is for his scientific labours, and not for his philosophical speculations, which were no more valuable than those of lesser men. Mr. Lewes, though insisting that philosophy shall be true, and that it shall contain no proposition which cannot be verified by being referred to a sensation, is never insensible to greatness of mind, even where greatness is exhibited in error. He confesses the "singular prestige" of Aristotle's works. "All schools find dicta there. All opinions seem more or less anticipated. He stimulates the activity of his readers, provokes them by his obscurity and irreconcilable assertions, and imposes on them by the weight of his intellect, so that they cannot help fancying he had some profound meaning in sentences which were mere guesses incapable of proof." The same sympathy with moral grandeur is found in Mr. Lewes's biography of Spinoza. Speaking of Spinoza's pantheistic doctrines, he says that though, logically speaking, there is but a trivial distinction between them and atheism, yet "spiritually the difference is profound." In the case of Comte alone, this divorce does not exist. Mr. Lewes can pay an undivided homage both to the mind of the thinker and to its philosophical product. He avows himself an adherent of the Positive philosophy, and he writes as the friend and admirer of Comte. Both the biography of Comte and the exposition of the philosophy will be found highly interesting by those who want a succinct view of a system about which centres all the curiosity which now remains attaching to philosophical subjects at all. Mr. Lewes is often asked to recommend some such brief account of Positivism by persons who would shrink from the labour of reading the six stout volumes of the *Philosophie*. Though strongly insisting on the necessity of first-hand knowledge for any real purpose, Mr. Lewes has not disdained to give an outline for students which, though it might be objected to as too polemical, is yet probably the best to be found in English. It is drawn up in the spirit of an admirer, but not of a blind follower. The course of thought sanctions the Positive system; but in its general spirit rather than in its special result. We may accept the Positive spirit, and all the Positive sciences, without accepting the philosophy which Comte evolved from them. There are Positive thinkers who are dissatisfied with Comte's synthesis, though unable to propose a better. There is a vast mass of unorganized Positivism which the future will have to organize.

Where Mr. Lewes avows himself an adherent of Positivism, we are to understand this only of the philosophy. The speculations which Comte produced during his second period, contained in the *Politique*, the *Catéchisme*, and the *Synthèse Subjective*, form a group by themselves. In spite of his veneration for Comte, and his growing sympathy with his views, Mr. Lewes avows himself unable to accept the later works as more than magnificent efforts to construct a Utopia which differs from all previous Utopias in having the past life of humanity as its warrant. In this enterprise he has not only failed, but his failure was inevitable. Comte disregarded in this construction the laws of growth, and employed the very method which the Positive philosophy emphatically condemns. It would have been better if these later works had been, like Plato's, avowedly tentative rather than dogmatic. Considered as the suggestions of a meditative mind, anxious to impart to others the thoughts which rose in it,

their influence would have been incomparably greater. It is one thing to listen to a philosophic proposal, to carry it in our thoughts, and see how far it will clear up difficulties; another thing to listen to a preacher who propounds his visions as laws. As a great teacher, Comte's simple indications would have been received with the respect which was their due. As a pontiff, he drove all but abject minds to scrutinize the truth of his dicta.

Here Mr. Lewes is taking up a truly philosophical attitude. In the distinction here drawn between philosophic suggestion and doctrinal deliverance may be found the key to the history of philosophy. Mankind will probably get on in the future without ideas, and with only positive knowledge, at least as well as they have got on hitherto with them. But as far as the history of the past is concerned, it must be admitted that, if speculative ideas were withdrawn from its records, they would present a very different aspect from that which they now offer, and some of the finest manifestations of humanity would be lost to us. It may be in the future interest of society that Greek literature should be suppressed, for unfortunately it is none of it "true." But its suppression would leave a terrible blank in the history of the human mind.

In anticipating, for the future, that whatever it may produce in philosophy will be due to Positivist tendencies, Mr. Lewes seems to be rightly interpreting the signs of the times. It is not only that the sayings and doings of the little knot of Positivists are at this moment the object of curiosity in London or Paris in a way in which they have never hitherto been, but all speculation, at least in England and Germany, seems to converge towards a common direction. Theological and metaphysical philosophy have entirely lost their hold over all minds. Metaphysics are entirely out of favour. Ferrier's *Institutes* stands alone as an attempt in the old style, but has no admirers. The one great metaphysician who has formed a school, Sir William Hamilton, disclaimed all the pretensions of ontology, and devoted himself to the explanation of the conditions of knowledge. Mr. Mill, though criticizing individual positions of Comte, and justly severe upon the egotistical delirium of his later speculations, is yet thoroughly penetrated by the spirit of the Positive philosophy. Mr. Bain and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the only other writers who attempt anything like complete systems of mental processes, though not disciples of Positivism, are really completely in harmony with its aims. In Germany ideal philosophy may be said to be extinct as to any influence over the mind of the educated class, and all the energy of discovery is thrown into physiological researches. To elaborate the Positive philosophy will need and will absorb all the efforts of many future generations.

#### PROFESSOR KINGSLEY ON THE "ANCIEN RÉGIME."

IT is an odd state of things in which one has to treat a Professor in one of our ancient Universities as if he were a promising boy at school, whom one pats on the head because his exercise of to-day has fewer mistakes in it than his exercise of yesterday. But this is what we have come to in our day. A Greek philosopher complained of some people who thought that the office of King was within the compass of every man, "just as if it were a Priesthood." We will not exercise ourselves in matters so much too high for us as the qualifications either of Kings or of Priests; but it is clear that there are certain Prime Ministers and other great dignitaries of the realm who think about Historical Professors much as the philosopher thought about Priests and his adversaries thought about Kings. A great scholar may be appointed by accident, but the special learning of the subject which he undertakes to teach is at least only an alternative qualification alongside of successful electioneering skill, of the composition of rollicking novels, or a life on the ocean wave. Here is Mr. Kingsley. We can say, and say with pleasure, that his lectures are by no means so silly as his memorable volume called the *Roman and the Teuton*. When Mr. Kingsley took upon him to enlighten us about King Dietrich and the "Kaiser of Byzant," he had no guide but his own imagination. That imagination proved a sad will-of-the-wisp, and led the confiding Professor into some frightful quagmires. In his present subject, he had the advantage of one of the best possible guides, and, as long as he keeps under his wing, he is of course safe. As long as Mr. Kingsley, in talking about the "Ancien Régime," simply repeats what M. de Tocqueville said before him, it is clear that Mr. Kingsley is, for the nonce, constrained to talk sense. Consequently the present small volume contains a large proportion of sense, because it contains a large proportion of matter borrowed from De Tocqueville. And the habit of talking sense, even involuntarily, has clearly had a wholesome effect upon the Professor's mind. Far be it from us to say that there is no nonsense in the book; for, while there is a good deal of matter which is borrowed from De Tocqueville, there is also a good deal which is not. But even where Mr. Kingsley does not act merely as De Tocqueville's expositor, we can easily see the effects which a good model has had upon him. There is nothing in any part of the book so frantic as the wildest parts of the *Roman and the Teuton*. Perhaps that was a sowing of wild oats; at any rate the Professor's manner is now distinctly chastened. Perhaps Cambridge was looked on as a *corpus vile* with which any tricks might be played, while a polite audience like that of the Royal Institution was entitled to a greater measure of respect. At any rate we have none of the same sort of gambols in Albemarle Street as the Professor played off in

his Cambridge lecture-room. The matter, even of the original portion, is less extravagant; the style is less eccentric. Paragraphs and sentences are no longer cut down to such a fearfully emphatic brevity. The aorist is no longer put under a ban; the nominative case is no longer so constantly left to pine without a verb. Mr. Kingsley has clearly carried his Teutonic studies beyond the limits of his modern High-Dutch Dictionary. We should not be surprised if he has learned his Grimm's Law. At all events, Theodoric is now allowed to appear in his own shape as Theodoric, and is no longer translated into Dietrich. Mr. Kingsley still gives us some babblings about the Byzantine Empire, which show that he would do well to go and read his Finlay. But it is something that the new Rome is no longer called "Byzant," nor its sovereign be-Dutched into "the Kaiser." In all these things there is a distinct advance. The Regius Professor, it is plain, has already learned something, and he may therefore be reasonably expected to go on and learn something more.

We have thus a good report to give of the past, and a cheering prospect to look forward to for the future. But what a state of things it is when we have to congratulate a man who is set to teach and to examine in one of our Universities on the fact that he has, in his own immediate department, made that sort of progress which is expressed by the rise from a pluck to a gulf! We say in his own immediate department, because we conceive that it is the Roman and the Teuton whom Mr. Kingsley has always looked upon as his special department. From *Smid in Hypatia*—Mr. Kingsley now, we are quite sure, has learned enough to make him write *Smith*—to "the Wake" in *Hereford*, we have always had a Goth or a Northman or a Viking or something of the kind, to set before us the beauties of muscular heathendom or muscular Christianity as might happen. Unluckily, the point where Mr. Kingsley evidently thinks himself strongest is just where he is surest to break down. The further he keeps away from Romans and Teutons, the better he succeeds. Mr. Kingsley is essentially a novelist; and there was a time when, as a novelist, he accomplished more than one real success. When he falls back in a manner into his real line, he succeeds much better than when he runs his head against Dietrichs and Byzants. We can read with pleasure what he has to tell us about more recent French literature, about *Gil Blas* and *Télémaque*. Of course there are extravagances enough about it—probably Mr. Kingsley could not write a page on the most obvious subject without extravagance—but it differs a good deal from the ravings into which he falls whenever he comes within sight of anything which he can take for a Viking. We are not particularly taken with a chapter headed "the Explosive Forces." We can only suppose that it is a metaphor, and we have Mr. Kingsley's own authority for saying that this "metaphor, like all metaphors, will not hold water, and must not be taken for a philosophic truth." Still the Explosive Forces, as a metaphor, may possibly have a meaning, while we know that talk about Vikings and parables about Trolls have no meaning at all. We will give Mr. Kingsley, like everybody else, the benefit of the judgment of charity, and when he is not talking manifest nonsense we will admit the possibility that he is talking sense.

Our readers will see that we are in every way disposed to make the best of Mr. Kingsley, ready and eager to give him credit for any advance which he has made. We do not mean that his lectures are striking or original, or that they display any sort of enlarged acquaintance with the subject on which he talks. But we do say that they are distinctly less ignorant, less frantic, than his former set of lectures; and that is so far a gain. In another man we might perhaps have been harder upon them; but no other man has written the *Roman and the Teuton*. A man who has done that has thereby won for himself a sort of privilege. It is clear that he never can write anything worse, and if he writes anything which is in the least degree better, we are inclined to welcome it and to rate it perhaps beyond its due. All things go by comparison. If a scholar or an historian had written the Lectures on the "Ancien Régime," we should have mourned over it as a sign of approaching lunacy. It is Mr. Kingsley's good luck that in him we hail the very same symptoms as signs of returning sanity. The lowest depth has at least this advantage about it, that he that is in it need fear no fall, while, as Mr. Kingsley has shown, it is not impossible that he may rise.

We say all this lest we should be thought to represent Mr. Kingsley's improvement as something more complete and more sudden than it really is. Perhaps its most cheering feature is that he has had the sense to choose a good guide and to follow him. There is a great store of deep and thoughtful matter in De Tocqueville of which Mr. Kingsley has made no use; but then what an advance it is for him to make any use of De Tocqueville! He might have found guides for the *Roman and the Teuton*, but he chose rather to read his Paul Warnefrid without any man to guide him. When he reached the *Ancien Régime* he had learned to doubt of his own capacity to go alone. This is real progress. We do not despair of seeing Mr. Kingsley take a journey to Byzant under the leadership of Mr. Finlay, or even go on an excursion through his own Wessex under the care of Dr. Guest. But, after all, Mr. Kingsley's progress is not alarmingly rapid. He reminds us of the snail in the arithmetical question, who every day climbed up, if we rightly remember, three inches and fell back two. No one can deny that this is progress, but it is not progress of a kind which makes the brain dizzy to contemplate. For instance, the most distant glimpse of a horse or a Viking sets the Professor off as wildly as ever. Alas! De Tocqueville can here supply no check. A plain man might have

\* Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, on the *Ancien Régime* as it existed on the Continent before the French Revolution. By C. Kingsley, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.



some difficulty in recognising Vikings in the French nobility of the eighteenth century; but they were an equestrian order, a *Ritterschaft*, a caste of men which was or had been chivalrous; and has not Mr. Kingsley read in the Chronicles that the Danes, when they landed, "horsed themselves"? A colder genius than Mr. Kingsley might have stopped to see that the fact that the Danes always had to horse themselves showed that they were not a *Ritterschaft*, as distinguished from the real *Ritterschaft* of the Normans, who, as one may see in the Tapestry, brought their horses, their inseparable companions, with them. But in this fact of the Danes horsing themselves the Professor sees a "special instinct of horsemanship," to which "we may attribute mainly the Scandinavian settlement of the north and east of England." It would have been about as much to the purpose to have told us that the ships of the Vikings are, by a bold metaphor, called, even in our old Chronicles, their "wave-horses." And so the Professor goes on jumbling and philosophizing about riding races and non-riding races, how the Teutons were a riding race and the Gauls were not, and how the Slaves—we beg pardon, the Slavs—were not either. Surely one has heard of Gaulish horsemen and Gaulish chariots and of an equestrian order in Poland. And one has heard of English horsemen charging and breaking the lines of the Norwegian infantry at Stamfordbridge. To be sure the account is pure romance, but Mr. Kingsley is not likely to have found that out.

In short, we are sorry to say it, but the fine frenzy into which the Professor has got about the horse and his rider, about Danes and Huns—queer company rather, but we must not look Mr. Kingsley's gift-horses in the mouth—about Franks, Goths, Lombards and "Burgunds," about chivalry and "God-given right," about collier-lads and "those Barnsley men," has driven out of his head his lately acquired knowledge of the alphabet. The Professor, like other people—like ourselves, we are free to confess it—has scratched his fingers against the inevitable Thornbush. Theoric, we again accept it with thankfulness, is no longer constrained to be Dietrich; but it seems as if all our English *Edelungs* were to be driven, willy nilly, to become High-Dutch *Edelente*. At one stage Mr. Kingsley falls into Archbishop Trench's vein of philological moralizing:—

The words which denoted rank came to denote likewise high moral excellences. The nobilis, or man who was known, and therefore subject to public opinion, was bound to behave nobly. The gentleman—gentleman—who respected his own gens, or family and pedigree, was bound to be gentle. The courtier, who had picked up at court some touch of Roman civilization from Roman ecclesiastics, was bound to be courteous. He who held an "honour" or "edel" of land was bound to be honourable; and he who held a "weorthig," or worthy, thereof, was bound himself to be worthy.

Whether any of our forefathers ever stopped to make the puns which the Professor puts into their mouths, we can, in the utter lack of evidence, neither affirm nor deny. Perhaps they did; perhaps some man might nowadays be found to argue that a man who owned a piece of ground should both keep the peace and be firmly grounded in his conviction. Nay, such a one might take a bolder flight, and might say, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, that a lord of the soil should do nothing to soil his reputation. But we are quite sure that none of our Nether-Dutch forefathers ever talked about an "edel," or believed that "edel" meant "honour" or anything else. The word which Professor Kingsley is haplessly aiming at is "edel," sometimes misspelt "ædel," as "ædel" is sometimes misspelt "edél," but which the worst speller who had an English tongue in his head would never write "edel" or "ædel." If Mr. Kingsley should ever have to quote the line,

Ye peers of England, pillars of the State,

we expect that he will spell it *piers*, and will tell us that it is a brilliant metaphorical allusion to the piers of a church or of a bridge.

Our cordial congratulations to Mr. Kingsley on the advance displayed in this volume are mingled with regret that the condition in which his knowledge still remains should have to be chronicled as an advance in the case of a Regius Professor in a renowned University. The Royal Institution doubtless invited Mr. Kingsley to lecture because he was a Cambridge Professor. But what a state of things it is in which the author of the *Roman and the Teuton* is the one representative of history in a University which distinctly surpasses its sister in the number of its resident historical scholars. Men have before now resigned appointments, even academical appointments, when they, in common with the rest of the world, have felt themselves incompetent to discharge them. If Mr. Kingsley has any regard for his own reputation, he will leave history and philology to some of the historical and philological scholars of which Cambridge certainly has no lack, and will retire, we do not say to the glorification of a walk round the Gulf of Carpentaria, but to his water-babies and his poetic tailors, and his songs about the merry brown hares which came leaping over the poacher's grave.

#### THE GREAT PYRAMID.\*

(Second Notice.)

IF there is any one point which we should have expected to see definitely settled by the fullest and most precise measurements in a scientific exploration of the Great Pyramid on the present

imposing scale, it is that of the linear dimensions of the pyramid itself. Without knowing the extent of the base, there is no telling the height of a structure of this shape. And with this point, moreover, is bound up the entire geometrical system of the pyramid as drawn up by Messrs. Taylor and Smyth. The key-stone of that elaborate work of theory was that the ratio of the height of the pyramid to the perimeter of the base was precisely that of the radius to the circumference of a circle, or as 1 : 6.282. In other words, the structure was designed to embody a practical demonstration of the problem of squaring the circle. This result had in fact been brought out with immense triumph by Mr. Taylor after an elaborate handling of the numerous conflicting figures of various theorists and observers to several places of decimals. Here then was a point of singular interest in the history of early science and art, and one happily to be set at rest by one of the simplest and most trustworthy operations of the day, that of direct geodesical measurement. Any competent surveyor would supply the figures so as to enable us to bring the "cause" to a decisive test, for good or evil, in no time. Great then is our surprise to find next to nothing done during Professor Smyth's five months' sojourn towards determining, by actual measurement, the size of all four sides of the base, setting apart for a time all preconceived theory and all the pother of other men's conflicting figures and guesswork. And what little was really done was due, after all, to an unforeseen and fortuitous circumstance, and took place hurriedly on the very eve before the party broke up. It happened that Mr. Aiton, a practical engineer and contractor, in the interval of some business connected with the Suez Canal, conceived the idea of employing some of the professional staff at his command in the mensuration of the Great Pyramid. A young surveyor, Mr. Inglis, was told off for this highly meritorious purpose, and at once showed his competence for the task by attacking the four corners of the pyramid's base with the aid of a corps of native labourers. Two of the sockets, those of the north-east and north-west angles, had, it is well known, been laid bare by the French *savants*. But now, for the first time since they were buried under the waves of desert sand and the debris of the pyramid's face, all four sockets lay exposed to view. It was not, indeed, possible to see directly from one socket to the other, owing to the piled up mounds between, but this need form no obstacle to any qualified surveyor. On a most tempestuous evening, when it was nearly dark, perched in an unsteady position upon the intervening rubbish, and the wind upsetting the levelling staff, Professor Smyth was enabled by the aid of his Scottish coadjutor to get some hasty and imperfect observations with the altitude and azimuth instrument for height and length of base at the north side. He left next morning. But he received shortly afterwards Mr. Inglis's complete and careful series of measurements, which are given in the third volume of the work before us. Here then for once we get the results obtained by a thoroughly qualified observer, free from all antecedent conjecture or bias. And what do we find on testing the "theory" by these plain and straightforward figures?

The lengths of the four sides from socket to socket, far from agreeing together with the precision assumed by the theory, are, in British inches, 9,120 + 9,114 + 9,102 + 9,102 = 36,438. These sockets, it may moreover be observed, are far from being in the same horizontal plane, the south-eastern being as much as 13.6 inches below the level of the north-eastern. Taking, however, as a datum plane the mean level of the four sockets, the vertical height to the present square platform at the summit was found by Mr. Inglis to be 5,475 British inches. Adding to this Professor Smyth's own estimated correction for the missing *frustum*, extending upwards to the original apex of the pyramid, 382 inches, we obtain for the total height 5,857 inches. Comparing this quantity with the sum of the four sides of the base as given above, we arrive at the ratio of 1 : 6.022, no very close approximation to the value of 2π. If we prefer Professor Smyth's favourite formula, and take four times the mean of the four sides instead of their sum, the result only differs by two inches, leaving the resulting ratio wholly unaffected. Such is the simple, dispassionate logic of facts. *Tant pis pour les faits*. We find the Professor, *more suo*, nothing daunted, ready, with abatements here and corrections there, picking out at will from the long table of conjectural and discordant measures, to twist Mr. Inglis's figures into any degree of accordance with the "theory." The result is a pean of praise to the mathematics of the pyramid, and to John Taylor the prophet thereof. It is not for us to detract from the real merit of the builders, whose workmanship in what they really undertook is a lawful subject of admiration. Only let us guard their fame from the perils of undue assumption. It may well be that they had in mind some geometrical principle of proportion. We may even fancy this to have been in a rough way the principle in question, just as others have sought a clue in the ratio of the side of the square to the diagonal, the properties of triangles, or those of arithmetical series. There has even been, we hear, an enthusiast who has looked for it in "squares inscribed in the circles of the human eye." We can but leave it to those who like their figures plain and uncooked to judge of the degree of strength which the "Great Pyramid theory" gains here from the test of sober unsophisticated fact.

It seems to us strange to find here no discussion of the plain rule of proportion handed down by Herodotus, that the face of the pyramid was equal to the square of its height. Was this formula thought too simple to be entitled to consideration? We

\* *Life and Work at the Great Pyramid*. By C. Piazza Smyth, Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1867.

certainly feel tempted to test it for ourselves, if only with the view of giving our readers an idea of Professor Smyth's peculiar method of arriving at results. Where the figures are so terribly conflicting we cannot do better than follow his own practice of selection and adaptation. The only direct measure we find for the line from the apex to the centre of one side of the base is Mr. Perring's 7,332 British inches. If we take this, we feel bound to take also his measure of height, 5,769. His estimate for the side of the base—8,952—differs certainly not a little from even the lowest of Mr. Inglis's, but let us take the mean of these two numbers in 9,027. Now Mr. Perring's measures are so uniformly lower than most others as to require some constant quantity by way of correction. Let us allow 50 inches for this addition. "Five and multiples of five" is the "Great Pyramid principle." This brings us to 9,077. Moreover, the builders worked by "pyramid inches," and some allowance must be made for conversion into a different scale. We may very fairly, then, take the next round number, or 9,078. We have then for the face of the pyramid half the product of 7,332 and 9,078, which comes within 1,413 inches of 33,281·361, the square of the height. A coincidence this really much nearer than that of our author! We may doubt perhaps whether it makes more for the truth of Herodotus or for the laxity of our adopted method of verification. It certainly shows how easily coincidences like these may be worked to any given extent on our author's highly elastic principles. And it really takes off half the awe we confess to having felt at the way in which his results always tallied with the theory.

We can have no better illustration of the circular kind of logic which characterizes the book throughout, than our author's method of settling that vexed question, the date of the Great Pyramid. The maxim of a certain craft, that there is nothing like leather, has, it appears, not unnaturally its counterpart in the professional feeling of an Astronomer-Royal. We may leave the dry lore of hierologists, from Manetho to Bunsen, to the mercy of Sir George Lewis, with *vox stellarum* for our single oracle. Our author is here emphatically on his own ground, and the skill with which the heavens are made to respond to his appeal is worthy of his high professorial status. It is not altogether easy to disentangle his argument from the rhetorical clothing which belongs to his style, and to present it to our readers in a form at once succinct and free from undue technicalities. But we will do our best. It was an early idea, everybody knows, that the Pyramids were connected with an astronomical object, and embodied a high degree of acquaintance with the heavenly bodies, even if they were not originally intended for the purpose of observatories. Their sides were adjusted with surprising correctness to the meridian, in contrast with the pyramids of Babylonia, in which the diagonals pointed to the pole. The entrance passage of the Great Pyramid points sensibly in a polar direction, so near that at a certain date it must have had the true pole in the line of its axis. The theory of Mr. Taylor gave for both this and the first ascending passage an angle of  $26^{\circ} 18' 10''$ . In Professor Smyth's results they differ by  $21'$ ; but let that pass. Their object was held to be to point to certain circumpolar stars, relative to which their position has since been altered by precession. The channels opened by Colonel Vyse on the northern and southern face, and understood by him to be ventilators, were at once jumped at by theorists as tubes of observation. To fit in, though, with the complex geometrical scheme of Mr. Taylor, the southern of these tubes should have had an incline of  $45^{\circ}$  to the horizon, and the northern of  $30^{\circ}$ , the latter angle indicating the hypothetical latitude. Unluckily, even Professor Smyth could not get the one nearer than  $46^{\circ}$ , nor the other than  $32^{\circ} 45'$ , while an awkward bend near the lower mouth made it impossible for mortal eye to see through either. So we find them both tacitly dropped out of notice. Their place is taken in the theory by two hypothetical lines drawn from points within the substance of the pyramid, and not admitting, in consequence, of direct verification. The exact angle given to the northern of these was  $33^{\circ} 42'$ ; and it was assumed to have pointed to the upper culmination of a star, which at its lower culmination was pointed at by the entrance passage at  $26^{\circ} 18'$ . Now in answer to Colonel Vyse's question, what leading star was in the direct line of that passage at the date of 2161 B.C., Sir John Herschel had named  $\alpha$  in Draco. Every tube in the world must point near some star or other, and the precession of the equinoxes would gradually bring a cycle of other stars in succession across the line of the passage. Sir John accordingly did but state a simple cosmical fact. Yet we take note of a growing tendency among certain theorists to impress our first astronomer on the side of "fixing the date by astronomy," the design of the builders having been the "levelling a tube at Draco." Professor Smyth, we shall see, goes beyond them all. With his instinctive affinity for everything vast, shadowy, and portentous, he has thrown himself implicitly into Mr. R. G. Haliburton's wonderful theory of the Pleiades as the key to a profound and complex system of primeval chronology. Into those depths we really have not space just now to follow him. Suffice it to say that, as a fact in astronomy, the chief Pleiad, Alcyone,  $\gamma$  Tauri, was at a certain epoch on the opposite side of the pole to  $\alpha$  Draconis, the latter being then  $3^{\circ} 42'$  distant from the pole. For mystic or symbolical reasons it would add much to this coincidence if the same epoch happened to be the beginning of "a great Pleiades cycle," that constellation being then at  $0^{\circ}$  of right ascension, or in the very point where the equinoctial line crosses the ecliptic. The next step then is to draw up a star map indicating this remarkable conjunction

of the heavenly bodies, and to deduce therefrom the epoch at which it may have taken place. A difficulty arises here out of the very discordant values assigned by different astronomers to the effects of precession. Knowing, as we do all along, the conclusion he is driving at, it is amusing to see our author sorely pressed between the widely varying figures of Sir John Herschel, Mr. Bailly, the British Association Catalogue, M. Bessel, and Bunsen's friend, Professor Heiss. At length, by a skilful selection of the fitting constant for the annual precession, we succeed in dovetailing in the phenomena within the limit of the years 2170 and 2180 B.C., which therefore must needs have been the date of the pyramid. Thus have the stars obligingly taken us out of the hands of quarrelsome men of history, and shown the pyramid itself "really capable of giving out a determinate answer as to the length of time it has stood upon the earth." It matters nothing that the tendency of all independent historical inquirers has been to carry backwards the origin of the pyramid in time—M. Renan, the latest of them all, extending it as far as 4000 B.C. The Astronomer-Royal for Scotland has a supreme contempt for Egyptologists and all their works. Out of the whole list he finds, indeed, one who comes pretty close to his hypothetical year, and great in consequence is the authority of William Osburn. As the items in this intricate and ingenious reckoning grow upon us, what strikes us as the most trying problem of the whole would really be to discover how much of the plain bread of fact goes to all this intolerable deal of hypothetical sack.

When thus plied with the whole armoury of astronomy and mathematics, the perplexed reader is tempted to cry out, as a last despairing protest, that the whole thing is simply impossible. Such a combination of knowledge and power is utterly beyond the capacity of the men of that early and unenlightened age. Our theorist is at once in ecstasies. Why that is the very point, he urges, which clenches the whole case. *Credo quia impossibile est*. "Some assistance from the Deity must be looked for." The work was essentially beyond the poor, dark, idolatrous Egyptians. It required one of the holy race. Noah, it was evident to Mr. Taylor, must have been still living when the Great Pyramid was built, and surely "so venerable a character, already experienced on the Ark in building according to measures divinely communicated, may have had some share in the operation." "And who," asks Professor Smyth, "shall say that he had not?" We cannot suspect a grave Professor of joking, but what are we to think of his "writing officially to the representative head of the largest and reputedly the most learned Established Church in Christendom," to ask "what that Church had concluded and did believe as to the true scriptural date for the Deluge." Our readers need not be told that the reply from Lambeth is polite. They may be equally sure that it failed to satisfy the querist. If the Church refused to certify at what date Noah was alive, might not something be made of the "celebrated Apamean medal, struck in the time of the Roman Emperors"? We are rather sorry that our author should have kept back this valuable authority, as also that of "another ponderous volume which discourses largely of Mahomedan traditions, which even give what the people of the land said to Noah when he was building the Ark, and what he replied to them in return." We get a hint of a connexion of some sort with the Deluge in the notable fact that "at the marked period of the pyramid," or 2170 B.C., the zodiacal constellation crossing the meridian above the pole was Aquarius. Could nothing be done to connect Noah with Nou-Shofu, whose name occurs in a cartouche in the pyramid itself? Much may be said, we are told, for the claims of Peleg, whose name signifies "division"; or for those of the sons of Jotkan, the name of the eldest of whom, Almodad, connected with "measure," likewise points, like the Coptic derivation of "pyramid," to the meteorological purposes of the great monument. The last of these sons, Jobab, may even be taken for Job himself, whose book Mr. Taylor has shown to be as full of allusions to the Great Pyramid as it has been shown by another ingenious enthusiast to be full of predictions of the Great Eastern steamship. Then there comes in the idea of an attempt on the part of the baffled builders of Babel to storm heaven on the banks of the Nile:—

The Great Pyramid was a resurgence in a new land, and with a community speaking a new language, of their thwarted ideas in another place; but through the humble agency of the shepherd Philition their labours were made really to tell against themselves, and have eventually caused the Great Pyramid to become in these latter days a most distinguished protest against the ancient tower, and all the principles of false religion connected therewith or descended therefrom.

We are now let into the secret on which the former work failed to enlighten the puzzled reader; how did the inspired pyramid measures come to be the "inheritance" of the Anglo-Saxons? We have seen how satisfactorily that pyramid can be traced to a Hebrew source. But whence is the Anglo-Saxon race itself to be derived? Professor Smyth has been helped in the solution of this great ethnological problem by the discovery of a certain Mr. Wilson, that "the basis of the English language may to a remarkable extent be found in the Hebrew." Many of our most common words, and names of familiar objects, are almost pure Hebrew. I have observed this particularly with regard to the Lowland Scotch. The words given in proof of this revolutionary theory of language amount to just a baker's dozen, the word *Sabbath* being among the number. "Sever," we are assured, comes from the Hebrew *shaver*, to "break or tear"; "sad," from *shad*, "desolation"; "steep," from *shatah*, "to drown"; "son," from *shamah*, "repetition"; and "speak," from *shpak*, "to pour out." Thus the Anglo-Saxons are shown to be "compounded of the very



Israelitic people of old; in fact, they are the representatives of those Israelites, or may be said themselves to be of Israelite descent, and therefore heirs of whatever portions of Hebraism were retained when the more particular religious rites of Mosaicism were abolished and superseded by Baalim under King Jeroboam." We even learn which was our own particular tribe out of the ten. It was Ephraim: so that "the Hebraic portion of the Anglo-Saxon language may be called either Ephraimite or Israelite with historical truth, but never Jewish." After the many wonders we have passed through we shall hardly be surprised to find that the Ark of the Covenant was a duplicate of the famous pyramid coffer, and in consequence of the sacred measure which has come down to us in the British quarter. True, the dimensions of the Ark given in Leviticus are not quite the thing. But these are outside measures, and it is the interior cubical capacity with which we have to do. Unluckily this is nowhere given in the Bible; but so slight a difficulty is nothing to a professor of such resources, *βίαν διαβολάτων*. He has only to fix his own figure for the thickness of the Ark, 1·8 or 1·75 inches, "very fair proportions in carpentry," and the mean result, 71,248 inches, comes out very near "that most important number of 71,250 cubic inches." By the same gentle skill in manipulation the "molten sea" of Solomon is proved exactly equal in cubic space to the interior of the King's chamber. True, that vessel is stated in Kings to have contained 2,000 baths, and in Chronicles 3,000. Nor are we told whether the sides were perpendicular, or the shape that of an oval or hemispherical hollow. But let these minor matters be settled in the Professor's own way, and the brazen sea will be found to tell the required tale, besides the additional marvel of turning out exactly fifty times the size of the Ark or the coffer.

One happy result of all these startling discoveries is that of a new scale for our judgment of mankind—a "metrological test of the European races." Three tables are carefully drawn up, by which is shown at a glance the people of the earth, "in the comparative distance of each European country from the pyramid," in linear measure, weight, and the two combined. Hence we get a highly original and simple standard of orthodoxy in religion and morals:—

In this last table, of cumulative importance, it is not a little striking to see all the Protestant countries standing first and closest to the Great Pyramid; then Russia and her Greek, but freely Bible-reading, Church; then the Roman Catholic lands; then, after a long interval, and last but not on the list, France, with its metrical system—voluntarily adopted under an atheistical form of government, in place of an hereditary pound and ancient inch which were not very far from those of the Great Pyramid; and, last of all, Mohammedan Turkey.

There is, however, a last word of warning. Great Britain is at the head of this scale, but not so high as she should be in that of pure length. "The low entry is due to accepting the yard for the country's measure of length," instead of the inch. Only let people look at Table III. and "see Great Britain, by means of the yard, hurled out of all the Protestant countries, driven away from the Saxonie, Allemannic, and Scandinavian nations, and forced to a low position among Latins and Roman Catholics." And let the nation go a step further, and the "recently atheistically conceived measures of France" be adopted, and "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" might then indeed be addressed to England with melancholy truth!

All this, we are assured, is but the voice of the "stones crying out for themselves from the Great Pyramid." The bare mention of a stone, indeed, especially in the Bible, is enough to set Professor Smyth's hobby off at frantic speed. The cap of the pyramid is the "head-stone" of the Psalms, Zachariah, and St. Paul. It was at the putting on of this stone, not at the creation of the world, that the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." It is no less the "stone of stumbling and rock of offence to all disbelievers," especially, we fear, those who are sceptical as to the Great Pyramid theory. It is also that "dangerous stone on which whosoever shall fall shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, especially if it be from the summit of the Great Pyramid, it will grind him to powder." But what shall we say to a prospect of this very stone being recovered? "An early mediæval traveller, M. Belon, was shown," it appears, "in the valley of Jehosaphat the stone to which our Lord alluded in the preceding sentence, and declares it was triangular." And our author is "greatly inclined to imagine" that the cave of Machpelah, "among its long-honoured contents," may some day "reveal to Europeans such a pyramidal stone in good preservation." South Kensington may, then, yet be the depository at no distant day of this "silent yet unimpeachable witness of events which took place four thousand years ago, and may have still to subserve a part in the history of the world." We will only express a hope that a place will be found for it on the same shelf with Pharaoh's chariot-wheel from the Red Sea, and the identical sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass. As a matter of curiosity we doubt whether, after all, any relic of the sort can compare with such a wonder of scientific reasoning and biblical criticism, for an Astronomer-Royal and University Professor, as the three volumes of *Life and Work at the Great Pyramid*.

#### FAR ABOVE RUBIES.\*

MRS. RIDDELL established by George Geith a reputation much above the ordinary level of novelists, and her present work will fairly sustain it. *Far above Rubies* is a book which

\* *Far above Rubies*. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1867.

shows a great deal of power, a delicate appreciation of character, and, especially, a considerable command over the sympathies of her readers. No one can read it without admitting that a strong appeal has been made to their emotions; and perhaps the most frequent criticism will be that the appeal is made a little too often, and with too much monotony. The main situation is a good one and forcibly described, and it is one of which we meet only too frequent illustrations in real life; but somehow we come to be anxious for a little relief to the melancholy it excites before we reach the end of the third volume. It is a great triumph of art when a novelist can make a hardened reader of fiction weep, or feel ever so little disposed to weep, and we have no doubt that this is a triumph which Mrs. Riddell may boast to have not unfrequently won; but a constant demand for tears becomes rather wearisome, and after a time ceases to be affecting. After a child has been dying through a volume or so, we are rather teased than touched by its protracted agonies, and begin to wish that it would die and have done with it. In short, nothing is so easily overworked as the lugubrious vein, and it rapidly degenerates into a mere morbid sentimentality. We are sorry, therefore, that Mrs. Riddell seems to be incapable of performing in any other than a minor key, and pours out variations upon the old tune with a facility which is certainly dangerous.

The character designated by the title, *Far above Rubies*, and the cause of the various emotions by which we are expected to be agitated, is a certain Mrs. Dudley. She has all the perfections which novelists delight to heap upon their virtuous women, at no inconsiderable risk of making them as dull as they are good. Mrs. Dudley's leading virtue is a belief in her husband, and the first cause of her miseries is that her husband is a fool. Moreover, he is not a fool pure and simple, which is occasionally a tolerable variety of the race, but a fool who thinks himself a neglected genius, and holds that he has been kept down in the world partly by his virtues and partly by a general conspiracy of the rest of mankind. This amiable being, so far from appreciating his wife, considers that his marriage has been one of his main misfortunes, that his wife is totally unworthy of him, and that a certain other lady of his acquaintance would have done a great deal better. Mrs. Dudley is very much annoyed at finding out unexpectedly that her husband does not love her and is so decided a fool; and she has a more tangible, if a lower, ground of vexation in the fact that he muddles away all his estate in some pre-eminently foolish speculations in the City. However, from first to last, according to the fashion of the Griseldas of fiction, she never complains, and, which is less excusable, never seeks to prevent him from acting absurdly. She suffers in silence and in due submission, whilst her peevish and idiotic husband gradually ruins himself and his family, and becomes alienated from his wife. As if this were not enough, she is further tormented by the bad behaviour of her most attached female friend, who mysteriously elopes just when she is wanted; and still more cruelly by the death of her favourite child, whose sufferings are touching, though preposterously protracted. By the time we reach the penultimate chapter of the work, we feel that a climax to all these calamities has been fairly reached. The husband very properly cuts his throat, though with characteristic imbecility he does not effectually finish his job at once; and we feel that Mrs. Dudley should retire to be a poor governess, or live in an almshouse, or take one of those positions to which ladies in novels are dismissed with the view of being very unhappy ever afterwards. Instead of this, a startling transformation takes place in the last chapter, the nature of which need not be explained. We can only say that it bears very much the appearance of having been artificially tacked on in order to correct the melancholy, like the lump of sugar to take away the taste of the medicine. We confess we object to it, as being really the most inartistic bit of the book. It is easy to reform a hero by a stroke of the pen on the last page; but we know very well that in real life he would not have reformed, and that his oath to that effect would have been merely a fresh starting-point for perjury. Moreover, the device employed is somewhat stale; and finally, having cried so far, we would rather cry to the end of the chapter. We cannot cast off our mourning so easily at a moment's notice.

Now the story at which we have hinted evidently supplies a very good motive; and many of the subsidiary, as well as of the leading, incidents and characters are skillfully combined with a view to the general effect. Persons who like lachrymose reading may be unhesitatingly recommended to the book, especially if they cut out the last bit of the story as obviously spurious; they will find much graceful writing well suited to their peculiar propensities. But we must add that there are certain blemishes associated with these merits, even for the lovers of a gentle melancholy; and we mention them without further eulogy upon the merits, because Mrs. Riddell is a good enough writer to be more complimented by frank criticism than by indiscriminate praise.

The first blemish that strikes us is the very common one, that the heroine is uninteresting. Mrs. Riddell, indeed, with a simple artifice rather too frequent amongst novelists, is always telling us how much she personally admires the heroine, and how good and amiable and attractive she is. But, so far as we can judge from the record of her words and actions, we can only say that Mrs. Dudley is very fond of her husband and children—we might say foolishly fond—but that those qualities, however excellent in themselves, are not enough to make their owner attractive as well as virtuous. But then, says Mrs. Riddell, all her servants and children loved her. Well, we regret that we must differ from the children and ser-

vants; and even if carried away for a time by Mrs. Riddell's panegyrics, we are driven at last to the belief that Mrs. Dudley was placid, stupid, and virtuous to an unusual degree. This fault (which is in itself pardonable, for how few novelists have succeeded in making virtuous heroes or heroines attractive!) leads to another and a worse one. The centre of the story, so to speak, becomes displaced. It is naturally difficult to go on telling us how patient Mrs. Dudley was, and how she nursed her child and didn't complain of her husband, and never quarrelled with anybody. There is too much of the negative about such matters. Consequently we are treated at far greater length to the evil doings of her husband, which afford better food for discussion. This is unfortunate, because it causes the heroine to fall into the background, and still more so because it opens up another subject, which becomes really wearisome. Mrs. Riddell, it seems, has very strong opinions about Limited Liability Companies; also, for a lady, she is wonderfully well up in the mysteries of the City, and talks quite familiarly about shares and discount and the various means of "floating" new Companies, with quite a lavish use of commercial slang. The husband of the heroine ruins himself by dabbling in a new Company, and we are treated to a large amount of moralizing on the subject, which may be excellent in itself, but, like most other moralizing, is rather out of place in a novel. Indeed we cannot but fancy that there is a certain ostentation about this City talk; it reminds us of the way in which some rash volunteers talk about military affairs, and amateur artists about the technical merits of pictures—it is put forward a little too eagerly to be quite genuine. There are amusing scenes, and Mr. Black, the gentleman who lives by speculation, is cleverly sketched; but there is a good deal too much of such stuff as this:—

"The idea of limited liability was to enable a man to put a certain sum of money into a business, and have no further responsibility," said Mr. Stewart.

"Any man could have compassed the lending money into a business," replied Mr. Raidsford. "Since the usury laws were repealed," &c. &c. &c. And so on, after the style of a City article. Now City articles are not amusing in themselves, nor improved by being cut up into lengths and distributed amongst the interlocutors in a dialogue. Another relief to the prevailing melancholy is by the introduction of a certain quantity of comic matter. Mrs. Riddell is not without humour, which is sometimes gracefully employed; but we do not consider it her strong point, and she is too fond of introducing some of those conventional bits of facetiousness which are far more dreary than the intentional melancholy. To quote only one instance, there is a comic vulgar woman, who has nothing to do with the story, and who is introduced to say "supercilious" for "superstitious," and "apiary" for "aviary," and to make a few other imitations of Mrs. Malaprop. The device is so stale, and is such a merely mechanical kind of wit at the best, that it is quite unworthy of Mrs. Riddell. Such spasmodic attempts to be lively against the grain had much better be omitted. In *Far above Rubies* they appear to be almost as inappropriate as puns in a funeral sermon. The direct preaching has not this disadvantage; but it has the opposite fault of coming too naturally, and expatiating with too abundant a flow upon some very obvious texts. Mrs. Riddell is much too fond of turning round and addressing "my reader" in a series of rather mild sarcasms, which strike us as being rather eloquent until we begin to discover the trick. They then turn out to be a decidedly cheap style of ornament—such as is manufactured in lengths, instead of being the genuine product of any mental effort. Thus the reader is supposed to observe that, so long as Mrs. Dudley didn't know of her husband's faults, they don't matter; and thereupon he is put down after this fashion:—"My reader, do you think the blind man, born blind, can yet remain ignorant for ever that others are able to look on the blue heavens and green earth?" And then the same question is put about the mute, and the deaf, and the childless, and the spinster, with appropriate variations of phrase. The thought won't bear to be beaten out so very thin, for it is an obvious, not to say a threadbare, reflection at first. Or, again, there are four pages of expatiation on the wonderful fact, for which we are told there is no accounting, that different people are very frequently discussing the same matter at the same time. There is "no accounting for the ill-fortune which, if Jones, shall we say, take to writing a memoir of Fair Rosamond, sets all the Browns, Smiths, and Robinsons writing books about that frail beauty also." Then we are called to imagine Jones, exhausted with this labour, "to take a holiday, where the heart of man never dreamed of taking holiday before, in the smallest county in England," and are told that, when he gets to King's Cross, Smith will be at the station with a carpet-bag labelled "Oakham." We would not say that this is mere nonsense spun out as if it were philosophy, but it is something very like it. All this detracts from the merits of what is, notwithstanding, a good novel.

#### HOZIER'S SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.\*

NO phenomenon of our day is more entirely a product of the age than the War Correspondent. In any other era he would have been impossible. In an earlier period—say Marlborough's time—there was no public; in the beginning of this century there was a public, but it was by no means so impatiently thirsty for news as we are, and was willing to wait for the allowance which the official organs of intelligence might permit to ooze out. But even had there been then a demand for the War

Correspondent, the supply would have been doubtful; while, again, granting that the public wanted and could get him, still he would have been denied a field for the exercise of his genius; for had he appeared in the Peninsula, Wellington, on the publication of his first able report, would have ordered him for execution as remorselessly as if he had been a spy or a defaulting commissary. It required a long course of daily stimulants to create the omnivorous appetite which, in war time, only the able Special Correspondent can satisfy. The material inventions and facile machinery of this age of progress were necessary to furnish him with the means of transmitting his reports with due speed and regularity. Then he is himself only the ultimate result of a long course of cultivation of the art of corresponding with the public; and finally, nothing but public opinion in its present phase, when we demand that every event of interest shall be made known, even to our own injury, could have prevailed against the sacred official traditions which inculcated secrecy as the first requisite of success in all important matters of State, and especially in war. How completely the fear of popular opinion predominates, even in Governments that are naturally most hostile to it, is seen in the case of Prussia, which in the late war not only tolerated, but received with high favour, the Military Correspondent of the *Times*, and afforded him all possible facilities for the due discharge of his task. Surely, when he entered Potsdam, the boots of the great Frederick, religiously preserved there, must have been agitated by a strange impulse, if their illustrious wearer still takes an interest in the affairs of his country, and has failed to advance beyond the ideas that prevailed when he left the world.

The admirable letters published in the *Times*, and read with so much interest and approval by the public, showed that, in the present instance, the business was in excellent hands. Highly distinguished at the Staff College, where he exhibited acquirements which specially qualified him for observing the movements of a foreign army, Mr. Hozier added to the knowledge of military operations, and of languages, which he had proved himself to possess, a ready and skilful pen, and excellent faculties of observation and description. The matter of those letters, so well worth preserving in a collected form, is embodied, after being partially rewritten, in the present volumes; but with considerable additions. The author has not relied solely on the merits of the narrative of what he saw; and whether it will be an advantage to the book that the original sketches should have been made part of a work which aims at completeness as a history, we, remembering how effective the sketches were without any artificial setting, will not undertake to say. The earlier chapters of the present work are devoted to tracing the political causes of the war, and it is inevitable that these should be, for the general public, less interesting than the pictorial portions. We are a great deal too near to the events that have so lately disturbed the Continent, and the impressions derived from them are far too multitudinous, to allow of the perspective view or the artistic arrangement essential to historical composition. They must yet be sifted, cast, and recast many times before they can take shape for posterity; for it is only after long consideration shall have fully imbued the historian with complete faith in his theory of the facts, that he can feel in it the warm interest necessary to enable him to clothe and animate the dry bones of history.

But, though time alone can reveal all the windings and workings through which events made their way to an issue, there can be no doubt as to the controlling cause. What the wrath of Achilles is to the *Iliad*, what the jealousy of the Moor is to the play of *Othello*, the ambition of Prussia is to the great drama of last year. Enveloped in actions, motives, and characters of independent origin, this was the main impulse that directed all to an end, and maintained the unity and interest to the catastrophe. The result is great; scarcely so the motives which produced it. Prussia's ambition has never been of the loftiest kind. Her great traditions are those of successful rapacity. Frederick the Great's right to the Silesian heritage of Maria Theresa was the same as Jack Sheppard's claim to the jewels of a lady whose coach had stuck in a rut on Hounslow Heath. Unscrupulousness in attaining her ends, extreme care in preparing the means, have been ever since the characteristics of the policy of Prussia. Combining domestic economy with acquisitiveness, she has continued, since the disastrous epoch of her subjugation by Napoleon, to present that hard, uninteresting type of material prosperity which appeals to the sympathies and awakens the imagination of nobody. A little extravagance in finance, a generous blunder in politics, would be as refreshing to those who watch her course as an outburst of conviviality in a usurer, or a boyish error in a prig. Craft, thrift, forecast, and covetousness do not make up a policy which largely attracts the sympathies of the world; and even when courage and energy are added to these, we only get a character of which Sir Giles Overreach is the dramatic, and the great Frederick the historical, embodiment. Bismark has walked faithfully in the footsteps of that astute monarch; and hence it is that though people everywhere repeat to each other truisms about the greatness of Prussia and the adroitness of her Minister, yet the applause, however general, is of a very qualified kind.

What really is admirable, however, is the sagacity with which the nation prepared itself for war. Some of Mr. Hozier's most interesting chapters are those which describe the organization of the Prussian army, and here his previous military studies enabled him to turn his peculiar opportunities to the best account. He repeats the wish, so often expressed in our columns, that the Prussian system—a system which combines efficiency, strength, and

\* *The Seven Weeks' War; its Antecedents and Incidents.* By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S., F.G.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.



economy in the highest degree—should be adopted as the groundwork of our own. The French Emperor pays it the highest tribute in his power when he modifies his own military organization in accordance with its main principle of passing young soldiers through the active army into the reserve, and restoring them to their vocations as citizens without releasing them from the obligation to defend their country in war. Not only does this elastic system place the Prussian standing army on the most economical footing in peace, and expand it to gigantic dimensions in war, but it enables the active forces that front the enemy to continue their movements with numbers undiminished by those detachments which, from one source or another, must maintain in security the connexion of the army with important points in its rear. Mr. Hozier describes how the Landwehr of the first levy, pushing into Bohemia after the army had made good its footing there, performed the duties of guarding the communications and garrisoning important places; and points out that, while the Prussian army thus continued to front the enemy with undiminished numbers, an English force in the same circumstances would have been shorn of half its strength.

Following the Prussian organization into its ramifications, Mr. Hozier shows how complete it is in all particulars. The transport service for the enormous supplies necessary to such a host as that which entered Bohemia was at once forthcoming, for it is retained in peace in a condition that admits of immediate expansion, the extent of which may be partially estimated from the fact that when Prince Frederick Charles crossed the frontier, and expected during the first marches to be thrown on his own resources, his trains stretched for twelve miles along the roads in rear of his columns. The provision waggons, the field batteries, the ambulance corps, the electric telegraph service, are all described; and we learn that, as the telegraph cannot be made available for communicating between reconnoitering detachments and headquarters, a signal corps will soon be organized to take its place. This idea, together with a system of reconnoitering from balloons, the Prussians have borrowed from the Americans. All these elaborate and costly adjuncts were not, in the last campaign, so complete as they may be expected to be in another; but their importance, even in a somewhat imperfect state, may be estimated from the fact that though both of the hostile armies made their first dispositions on the calculation that Austria would attack, yet the instant it became evident, after hostilities began, that she was unready, the Prussian armies changed their programme, and advanced with a sustained celerity that was in itself a main element of success.

Our Military Correspondent does not of course enable us to see so deeply into the Austrian as into the Prussian system; but we may be sure that the preparations of Benedek's army for war were far less complete. Beyond the fact, however, that the Government has decided upon a total reorganization, there is nothing to show that it has, as he says, "proved to be grievously faulty." The Austrian defeats may be accounted for on other grounds; nevertheless, the difference of the manner in which the two countries conduct their affairs no doubt extended to the military departments, and, besides the disaffection of the Italian levies, the difficulty of bringing to the field troops of many nationalities, the inferiority of armament, and the defects of generalship, the misfortunes of Austria are also in some degree due to the inferiority of her military system.

It is hardly necessary now to advert to the admirable narrative of the operations of Prince Frederick Charles's army which so recently delighted the readers of the *Times*. All that Mr. Hozier saw of the great events of the war—and he saw a large share of them—he describes in clear and vivid language. The passage of the frontier at the toll-gate blazoned with the Austrian colours is a strikingly picturesque incident. The first passage of arms at Liebenau, the night engagement at Podoll, when the famous needle-gun first showed its superiority and established an influence over the spirit of the Austrians which asserted itself in all subsequent conflicts—the actions of Mönchengrätz and of Gitschin, where generalship proved itself to be, no less decidedly than fighting quality, on the side of the Prussians—with all their incidents of march and manœuvre, slaughter and devastation, are told with remarkable picturesqueness and vigour. The account of the battle of Königgrätz has been in great measure rewritten by the light of subsequent statements. The share of the Crown Prince's army in the victory, which was almost unseen from Prince Frederick Charles's side of the field, is now accurately described; and another guess is made in answer to the much-contested question, Why did Benedek allow himself to be taken unawares in flank by a whole army? Mr. Hozier thinks that a movement made by some of the divisions of the Second Army, on the night before the battle, was misinterpreted; that Benedek thought it signified the march of the united Prussian armies from Miletin, where he believed them to have concentrated, across his front towards Nechanitz, and that the aim of the movement was to cut him from Pardubitz and the Vienna railway. If this was really his idea, he attributed to his foes a very dangerous movement, by which they would have been abandoning their own line to Glatz, and exposing in some degree that of Gorkitz, for the sake of threatening the communications of their enemy. Such a belief required very strong grounds to warrant it; nevertheless, this solution of the question is plausible, and as likely to be right as any that has been suggested.

Mr. Hozier then records the incidents of the march of the Second Army, which he accompanied, from the Elbe to the Danube. The conclusion of the war by the peace of Nicholasburg cut short a very interesting problem—namely, how the

Prussians would attempt to cross that river, and how the Austrians would dispose themselves for the defence of the passage. In order to render his narrative complete at all points, Mr. Hozier has incorporated in it the operations of the Crown Prince, and the campaign in Western Germany. The partisans of Austria will probably say that the author's views are too favourable to Prussia and its military institutions, which, owing to the sudden termination of the war, were never fairly tested. That he should write without a bias towards those with whom he associated was, however, scarcely to be expected, or perhaps desired. Our only objection to the book is that he gives us too little of himself in it. Touches of personal adventure, glimpses of his own feelings and reflections under peculiar and exciting circumstances, suppressed perhaps out of respect for the dignity of history, would assuredly have been acceptable to the reader. And here we must dissent altogether from the opinion expressed by Mr. Hozier, that, when the Prussians were approaching Vienna, the line of the Waag would have been preferable to that of the March as a position for the Austrian army north of the Danube. The object of taking such a position would be to threaten the flank and communications of the Prussians while attacking Florisdorf, or attempting to cross the river. It was therefore essential that the Austrian front, while well posted for defence, should be open for an offensive movement. Not only would a position in the valley of the Waag, with the Carpathian mountains between the Austrians and the enemy, have deprived them of this requisite, but the Prussians, by occupying the passes of those mountains on their left, might obviously have paralysed, with inferior forces, the Austrian army of the North.

The drama which begun with the Danish campaign may now be considered as closed; and the world is not much edified by a series of events which shows two great Powers first combining for spoliation and then quarrelling over the booty, and which leaves the reputation of rulers for honesty in such a threadbare condition that, when Bismarck refuses to give Louis Napoleon the price of his neutrality, public virtue is no more outraged, public indignation is no more aroused, than when the Artful Dodger picks Mr. Fagin's pocket, or Jemmy Twitcher plays false to Captain Macheath. But the results produced by motives so ignoble are, nevertheless, universally beneficial. The world need not regret that a great Power is consolidated on the frontier of France. Germany need not regret that her scraps and fragments are united in a compact mass round so powerful a centre. Nor, when Austria finally balances her accounts, will she find herself altogether a loser. The monarch who lately spurred his charger up the mound at Pesh, and in the name of Hungary defied the universe, is evidently far from being crushed by his disasters. We believe they are only disasters, not truly misfortunes—that the House of Hapsburg has a new career opened to it, a prospect (the first for many generations) of living within its means, and exchanging insolvency and shabby-gentility for competence and credit. Out of the nettle defeat she may pluck the flower prosperity, and the King of Hungary will assuredly possess opportunities of usefulness, of reform, and of adaptation to his time and circumstances, which would never have been afforded to the despot of Venetia, or to the needy litigant for the leadership of Germany.

LUDWIG BÖRNE.\*

THE other day, either in the Prussian Lower Chamber or the North German Parliament, one of the Liberal spokesmen having wounded the susceptibilities of an Ultramontane deputy by referring to him as the "clerical member," the latter retorted upon his antagonist by speaking of him as the "Jewish representative." The feeling which barbed the return arrow is one which has never ceased to exasperate the conflict between German parties, not only in politics, but in many departments of art, science, and literature. The sprightliness of touch and pungency of wit which nature omitted to intermix with the clay out of which she formed the typical German, are the heirlooms of that irrepressible race which perhaps plays a more important part in the national development of Germany than in that of any country of modern Europe. It would be too much to say that the Jews are the heaven which has made the Liberal movement in Germany rise; but the fact remains that both in the young Germany of the second quarter of the present century, and in the Prussian Liberal party of the present day, the Jewish element has been unmistakeably active and signally prominent. And among the many and various weapons with which the Jews have carried on the contest there is one which they have always used with peculiar effect, because in modern Germany the monopoly of it has belonged to them; and this is their wit. It is not often that men look for that quality in the sheets of an avowedly comic paper; but there can be no doubt that, at a time when the humorous periodicals of other countries maugher away in feeble frivolities or display a single-minded anxiety to render themselves fit companions for the family tea-table, the Berlin wits succeed in pricking and stinging stupid respectability and self-conscious Philistinism into hopeless vexation. And yet these German humorists, the feuilletonists and farce-writers, and the *Gelahrten des Kladderadatsch*, are merely, like the German poets of the present day, the *epigoni* of men of real genius. It is easy to work a discovery, but hard to make it; and the merit of the discovery that German prose may be written in a style at once easy and pointed belongs to two gladiators of the past—to Heinrich Heine and to Ludwig Börne.

\* *Gesammelte Schriften von Ludwig Börne*. 12 vols. Hamburg: 1862.

Heine's merits as a prose writer have lately been pointed out to the English public by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Börne's name can never rank in German literature beside that of his famous antagonist; for while both were masters of German prose, the latter, as he took good care himself to remind the admirers of his rival, possessed that other and rarer gift, the gift of immortal song. But as Börne was in point of time a predecessor as well as a contemporary of Heine (who lived to write upon his rival's tomb one of the most slanderous epitaphs with which one literary man has ever aspersed the memory of another), and as Börne cannot be said to have owed anything to Heine, whereas the *Pariser Briefe* of the former at least preceded the *Französische Zustände* of the latter, it may be well to remind the readers of Mr. Arnold's essay that many of the characteristics which signalize Heine's brilliant prose are to be found, with the addition of other and peculiar attractions, in the letters, reviews, and criticisms of the elder exile. Of both it may be said that, without ever ceasing to be genuine Germans, they carried on from their Parisian basis of operations a vigorous war against German Philistinism; that they joined "the wit and ardent modern spirit of France," and "the intensity, the untameableness" of the Hebrew race, to "the culture, the sentiment, the thought of Germany." But in Börne the latter element predominated over the others; he had in him more of "that cursed German asininity" for which Heine was wont to abuse himself and his fellow-countrymen; he was, in fact, not only the precursor of modern German wits, but the literary descendant of humourists of a very different class and kind, for he combined in himself with much of the pungency of Heine not a little of the pathos of Jean Paul.

It would not be difficult to write, after the fashion of the *Sentimental Journey*, a life of the man who called himself "a wandering comedy." Louis Baruch (for this was Börne's original name) was born of well-to-do Jewish parents, on May 22, 1786, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in one of the houses of the famous Jews' quarter of that ancient city. He was originally destined for the profession of medicine, and for that purpose was placed as a boy of sixteen in the house of a distinguished physician at Berlin, Dr. Marcus Herz. Instead of fathoming the mysteries of science, the youth fell in love with the wife of his tutor, an excellent lady at that time verging upon the dangerous age of forty years. But the youth was a German youth; and there is accordingly nothing ridiculous in the letters which he addressed to the lady of his boyish love, and which have since been republished in a form of which it is hard to doubt the genuineness. Such a passage as the following entry in his journal is quite in the vein of Börne's acknowledged writings:—"I perceive by this time that I am fonder of Madame H. than of all the rest of mankind. Would she were aware of it. I have already told it to her husband, and I shall take the earliest opportunity of telling it to herself." On Dr. Herz's death, his pupil was sent as a student to the University of Halle, where, much to his disgust, his new tutor insisted upon his going through a preliminary course at the gymnasium, which the young man diversified by running into a modest amount of debt. The fact is only worth mentioning as an illustration of the swiftness of legal procedure in those days in Germany; for old Baruch declined to pay the infant's score of 174 dollars, and fought a gallant struggle with the creditors, which was not terminated until six years afterwards. The son's studies were completed at Heidelberg and Gießen, whence, after taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, he returned to his native city, and settled down into the most Philistine post under a Philistine Government—that of actuary in the Hessian Police-office; for Frankfort only recovered her independence after the battle of Leipzig. About this time he changed his name into Börne, and made his first important appearance in literature as editor of a journal entitled the *Balance* (*Die Wage*).

The *Wage* was a critical journal which attempted to tell the truth; and as this was precisely a characteristic unfamiliar to the readers of the critical journals of the day, Börne's paper created a sensation which is still unforgotten in the annals of German journalism. The theatrical criticisms especially contributed to its fame. "The standing theatre of a place," the editor had remarked to his readers in his preliminary advertisement, "is rarely better and never worse than the spectators therein, and thus the most courteous way of letting our dear fellow-citizens know our opinion of them will probably be to discuss their stage." Since Lessing's days theatrical criticism had never been conducted in such a spirit as this; and there was a very promising stable of Augurs for the critical Hercules to purge. It was the day of the Raupachs and Grillparzers and Houwalds in tragedy, and of Kotzebue in that and every other kind of dramatic refection. Among these prophets of destiny and apostles of false sentiment, Börne disported himself with a savage glee in which it is impossible to avoid sympathizing even at a time when his victims have long been laid to rest. Speaking of this period of Börne's literary activity, Heine declares that he was reminded of a medical student at Bonn, who, whenever he came upon a dog or a cat, immediately cut off their tails, from pure love of cutting. "In those days, when the poor beasts set up so terrible a howl, we were very angry with him, but afterwards we readily pardoned him when we found that this love of cutting made him the greatest operator in Germany. So Börne, too, first fleshed his knife upon comedians, and many a youthful excess perpetrated by him upon the H., W., U., and suchlike innocent animals, who have ever since been running about without their tails, must be condoned on account of the better services which he was afterwards, as a great political operator, able to perform with his critical instrument."

But the *Wage*, and other journals edited by Börne, had to succumb under the curse of contemporary German literature—the censorship. He had always had his fears of this national institution, of which he said, "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas"; and his conflicts with his old colleagues of the police form one of the most entertaining episodes in his career. The following "Last Testament of the *Zeitschwinger*," a political journal which he edited to extinction in the year 1819, will give a good idea, both of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the zest with which he avenged himself upon his tormentors:—

A cautious journalist is already intent upon discovering efficient substitutes with which to sweeten his readers' morning cup of tea, in case a Continental system against ideas should bar the entrance of the customary sugar. He throws himself upon solid science. He studies astronomy, exclusively of the comets, because these bring war and troubles; geography exclusively of the watering-places, because there congresses are held [the allusion is of course to the notorious Carlsbad conferences of 1819]; algebra, but without *plus* and *minus*, since these belong to the department of the finances; psychology, without the doctrine of court-souls; theology, leaving out the Holy Alliance; economy, but only domestic economy; jurisprudence, exclusively of the judicial process, which is the business of public officers; philosophy, without any limitation whatsoever; the useful subjects of cuneiform inscriptions, conic sections, and the roots of the German language; mechanics, optics, ethics, rhetoric, mathematics, macrobotics, dynamics, statics, all the *ics*, always excepting *politics*, because the latter are the concern of Government alone. As soon as this state of things occurs, the *Zeitschwinger* (i.e. *Wings of Time*) will drop their pinions and adopt the name of *Beetroot Leaves*, which I announce at thus early a date, in order to avoid any collision, for I believe this title to be an uncommonly good booksellers' title and to be sure to draw.

For man should be wise, and rather bow his head to the times than under a prison-door. The choice no doubt is a sad one. Only yesterday I was saying with tears in my eyes—Would I had peacefully in my seventyninth year, on May 6th, 1786, instead of having been born on that day. Peradventure I might have become a copying clerk in the Imperial Cameral Tribunal and thence have passed away to eternal bliss. Moreover, I should in that case have lived much longer in the memory of posterity than I can now hope for. Can it be doubted? Would it not have been reserved for my great-grandchildren to read the judgment's-execution's-fastidious of the Egyptian law-suit-pyramid, for which I should have a hundred years before laid the foundation by copying the indictment, and would not therefore four generations of men have read my writings, instead of the case being what it is now, that rarely more than four men read them, to wit, myself, the compositor, the printer, and the proof-corrector?

Man should be modest, but 'tis a hard case. Give us the means of becoming pious, and we will seize them with both hands. It is too late, the temptation is as great as the wantonness; wherever one turns his eyes, he is surrounded by pandars and beckoning beauties. We have tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, and learnt to distinguish the good from the evil. Why did ye not sooner place the cherub with his flaming sword before your garden? Why did ye lead us into temptation? What you now do is all in vain; try if you will—if you succeed, your success will be your justification.

It was about the time of the triumph of reaction in the Carlsbad Decrees that Börne commenced that migratory life which he never definitively exchanged for a settled abode. On the Rhine and at Paris, home again at Frankfort, then at Stuttgart and Munich, and back again at Paris, the city which alone satisfies the restless, he read and wrote, and lounged in his flowing dressing-gown (or rather "dwelt in it," according to Heine) and smoked his long pipe, one of his few inveterate Teutonisms. And wherever he might find himself, he wrote letters addressed nominally to the lady of his maturer affections, but really to the public. The innocent relation between Börne and Madame Wohl, afterwards Madame Strass, gave rise, as all readers of Heine know, to a most scandalous attack by the latter upon the reputation of the lady; but as this attack and the *esclandre* which followed occurred after Börne's death (1837), we may pass by this very unpleasant topic. Madame Wohl (who belonged, we believe, to the same gifted race as her correspondent) was, according to Dr. Reinganum, the author of the very diffuse biographical notice of Börne appended to the collected edition of his works, rather the peg upon which her correspondent hung his literary efforts than, in any sense of the word, the object of his personal devotion. He never wrote a line to her which was not destined for publication; and the ardour of the passion which he pretended towards her was merely an innocent literary device which can have been no secret to her any more than to the public, which in the first instance she represented. Börne's Paris letters, which fill no less than five volumes of his works, stand unrivalled in this department of German literature. As a politician, he was at once more consistent and more enthusiastic than Heine, notwithstanding all the self-glorifying fanfaronades of the latter. Börne possessed a deeper insight than his contemporary into the nicer distinctions of the French and German nationalities. Less cosmopolitan than Heine, he had a larger and broader sympathy for the sufferings and errors of his own countrymen, which gives a half pathetic tinge even to his most vigorous satire. Had Charles Lamb written political letters, he would have written them after the fashion of Börne's. And it is probably to this tendency of his nature that was due that hatred of Goethe which is one of Börne's best-known literary characteristics. He thought that the great potentate of Weimar was the conscious foe and oppressor of the sentimental element in the German character and in German literature, and that in Goethe's view this element comprehended patriotism. To Goethe, he says in an amusing letter on the correspondence with Schiller, the demagogic movements of his own heart were as offensive as tobacco-smoke. And his summary of the character of the entire correspondence, unjust of course, but with enough of truth in it to give it force, may aptly close this notice; for it implies, *per contra*, the most distinctive feature of Börne's own literary genius:—

These letters only amuse me, because they bore me. If they bored me a



little loss, they would bore me terribly. If they were pleasing, what then? Schiller and Goethe! But that our two greatest geniuses in their home, the fatherland of genius, are thus nothing—no, less than nothing, that they are so little—this is a miracle, and every miracle is delightful, were it merely the changing of gold into lead.

Water in a liqueur-glass! A correspondence is like wedlock. Calm and solitude allow much to be said and tempt to the saying of much on which one is silent to others, which in truth one only learns from oneself by communication. And what do these men tell one another? What nobody cares to listen for in secret, what they might have cried out to one another in the market-place.

And Börne's life was spent in crying out on the market-place the secrets of his heart. He was not a poet, but in every page of his brilliant prose is observable that under-current of sensitive pathos which is one at least of the tokens of a poetic disposition.

#### BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.\*

THIS small volume appears to be one of a series of "Biographies Nationales"; but the fly-leaves do not help us to any account of the other worthies who may be selected to figure as the companions of the great Breton. We confess to a lurking desire to find out what sort of biographies may be looked upon as national in a series designed for the French general reader. What proportion of these national worthies will turn out to be Normans, Germans, or Italians? We throw this out simply as a question which occurs to us naturally and instinctively, not at all as disputing the right of a series of French national biographies to include Bertrand du Guesclin as one of the foremost worthies of France. A bead-roll of English heroes would naturally take in both the Duke of Wellington and Sir David Gam. Now the Frenchry—if we may make such a word—of Bertrand du Guesclin, if hardly equal to the Englishry of the Irish Duke, was decidedly greater than the Englishry of the Welsh knight. In fact Du Guesclin seems, more than almost anybody else on record, to have fully carried out the theory of the feudal relation between an over-lord and his sovereign vassals. He was a Breton; the Duchy of Brittany was a fief of the Crown of France. He seems therefore to have held that he was bound to pay all loyal service to the Duke and Duchy of Brittany, except when such service would clash with the higher duty of loyalty to the King and Kingdom of France. When therefore the Duke of Brittany forsook, as Du Guesclin held, his duty to the Crown of France, Du Guesclin did not scruple to march against his own country in the service of his royal over-lord. The reception which he met with in so doing showed how little such elaborate theories of loyalty suited the temper of his age. When a Breton, the very pride of Brittany, marched against Brittany, no matter in what cause or at whose bidding, the universal feeling of the whole Breton people denounced their illustrious countryman as a renegade and a traitor. And we are not clear but that, according to strict feudal rule, Du Guesclin was wrong and the Breton people right. A man's duty was to his own lord. If a vassal prince made war on his over-lord, he was no doubt committing a breach of his own duty, but it would seem that his vassals who followed him were only discharging theirs. It was this very difficulty which the wisdom of William the Conqueror provided against by making all the vassals of his vassals take an oath to himself. This provision alone was enough to hinder England from falling asunder like France, Germany, and Italy. This provision alone was enough to make William and his successors really Kings of England, and not merely chiefs of a loose confederation of English princes.

M. de Bonnechose's little book is, as its form at once shows, intended as a popular, and not as a critical, history of its hero. He simply tells the tale of Du Guesclin as it is commonly told. And he tells it in a pleasant unaffected style, in which, if people only choose, it is just as easy to write in French as in any other language. He also abstains throughout from any of that kind of declamation against England for which, in dealing with the history of the fourteenth century, there would really be plenty of excuse. No nation ever had a better right to bring a complaint of an unjust invasion than France had against Edward the Third. His claim to the French Crown was worthless in itself, and had no supporters in France. But, whether it was good or bad, Edward gave it up by doing homage to Philip for Aquitaine. After that, it was sheer dishonesty to bring the question up again. And in Du Guesclin's own country the conduct of Edward was marked by gross inconsistency. His claim to the French Crown was based on the doctrine that females could inherit, or rather that they could transmit their rights to their male descendants. The same question arose in Brittany, and the Duchy was torn in pieces by a civil war. Charles of Blois asserted the rights of his wife; John of Montfort put forward his claims as the next male heir. The claim of John to Brittany was essentially the same as the claim of Philip to France, with this difference that there certainly never had been a case of female succession to the Crown, while the great fiefs had constantly passed to and through females. But, as Charles of Blois was a French prince, Edward held it to be sound policy to support the claims of John of Montfort to the Duchy, though to support them was to pronounce the strongest condemnation on his own claims to the Crown of France. After Bretigny of course things changed. Peace was solemnly made, and the peace was broken by France. The King of France was guilty of a gross interference in the internal affairs of the Duchy of Aquitaine, which had now become a per-

fectly independent State. And, after Bretigny, there was no peace again till Troyes.

M. de Bonnechose seems to us quite to understand the facts of the case, and he puts them forth, so far as he has occasion to deal with them, in a fair and moderate shape. But he is of course writing, not history, but biography, and that a somewhat romantic biography. He tells the received story of Du Guesclin as he finds it. But the received story of Du Guesclin, especially the accounts of his early life and of his career within his native Brittany, rests to a great extent upon popular legends. Du Guesclin, it must be remembered, was not only a great captain in a great war between France and England; he was also a hero of Celtic romance. A great part of his history requires to be thoroughly sifted in every detail. This M. de Bonnechose has not done; in a book of this sort we could not expect him to do it. But the result is that a great part of his biography of Du Guesclin cannot be looked on as more than a pretty story. We conceive Du Guesclin's wife Tiphaine (Theophania, Tiffany) to be a real person, but she certainly got mixed up in popular imagination with Tiphaine the Fairy. The whole account of the hero's early life seems to be drawn from no sources but ballads and rhyming chronicles, which are always likely to contain some measure of truth, but whose contents cannot be accepted as historical till they have been submitted to the most searching criticism. For a man who proved to be what Du Guesclin proved to be in after life, a wonderful boyhood and youth was sure to be imagined as a matter of course.

But however much there may be in the received history of Du Guesclin which is mythical or exaggerated, he remains, after all deductions, a true hero and patriot. The warriors of that age, emphatically the age of chivalry, are perhaps more difficult to sympathize with than the warriors of some earlier and some later ages; but Du Guesclin stands in very little need of qualifications or allowances. The part of his life which appears the most exceptionable admits of no very difficult justification. He took the command of the disbanded soldiers of both sides, who were fast degenerating into brigands and becoming the curse of the country. At their head he did one or two acts which certainly require some special circumstances to excuse them. But as these ruffians could not be got rid of, and as the police of those days was not strong enough to keep them in order, it was both politic and humane to get them under the restraints of military discipline, and to employ them in regular warfare instead of in indiscriminate robbery. Du Guesclin had no particular call to meddle in the affairs of Castile, still less to demand money from the Pope at Avignon, but it was well to employ the Companies in such a comparatively harmless fashion, rather than to let them devastate France at pleasure. It was impudent enough to levy a contribution on the Pope and Cardinals, but Du Guesclin at least took care the burden should fall on those who could afford to bear it, while the Companies, left to themselves, would probably have extorted what they wanted by murder, robbery, and torture. In the Castilian war, though that fratricidal conflict was not exactly the affair of either, we cannot help sympathizing with Du Guesclin in his support of Henry of Trastámara rather than with our own Prince of Wales and Aquitaine wasting his strength in the odious task of forcing on the Castilian people a tyrant whom they hated. Du Guesclin too, even in that age of chivalry, was not a mere knight-errant. He was essentially a general, and the author of important improvements in the art of war. On this head let M. de Bonnechose speak for himself:—

Aux qualités réclamées dans un général, à l'époque où il vécut, il joignit celles qui ont fait de lui un des précurseurs de l'art militaire des siècles suivants. Aussi prudent que brave, non moins habile à concevoir et à préparer ses entreprises que prompt et impétueux dans l'exécution, il avait le coup d'œil rapide, le jugement sûr, l'esprit inventif et fécond, et à l'heure critique, un parfait sang-froid et une ténacité sans égale. Dédaignant des préjugés et de la routine, il savait mettre en œuvre les inventions d'autrui et inventer lui-même. Il fut, au moyen âge, le créateur des camps retranchés imités des Romains, il employa le premier l'artillerie dans les sièges, il devina d'instinct et mit en œuvre, surtout dans ses dernières campagnes, quelques-uns des procédés de la tactique et de la stratégie modernes. Modèle des chevaliers, du Guesclin cependant contribua plus que personne à ruiner l'institution de la chevalerie en substituant les combinaisons de l'art à la puissance du nombre et de la force personnelle, en propageant l'usage des armes à feu et en organisant des troupes permanentes sur des bases qui furent plus tard généralement adoptées pour la composition des armées royales.

Nor do we complain when M. de Bonnechose goes on to claim Du Guesclin as "un des fondateurs de l'unité française." Perhaps, as M. de Bonnechose elsewhere shows clearly that he understands the true position of Aquitaine in those days, we need not quarrel when he goes on to say,

Il parut à son heure, entre deux cataclysmes qui faillirent engloutir la monarchie, et, s'il eût vécu, les Anglais qui occupaient la moitié du royaume en eussent été totalement expulsés.

We only fear that the general reader, in reading such a passage as this, may fail to draw the ever needful distinction between the English possession of Bourdeaux and the English possession of Calais. Still the expression of "unité française" is justifiable, if it be applied only to the incorporation of those countries which were or had been fiefs of the French Crown. Only in these days it savours a little of frontiers of the Rhine or the Alps or anything else which may be convenient. The recovery of Paris, the recovery of Calais, the conquest of Bourdeaux, and the conquest of Besançon, were four processes of four quite distinct natures, which require to be accurately distinguished. So far as Du Guesclin or any other French captain was employed in driving English invaders from the soil of France, we must honour him and sympathize with him.

\* Bertrand du Guesclin, Connétable de France et de Castille. Par Émile de Bonnechose. Paris: L. Hachette et Co. 1866.

Nor can we say a word against the French conquest of Aquitaine as a process of war against a neighbouring sovereign with whom France had every reason to be at war. Only we must remember that the champion of the national independence of Aquitaine must be looked for not on the French but on the English side. We have no serious complaint to make against M. de Bonnechese on any of these scores. Only the phrase of "unité française" naturally puts us a little on our guard.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the American works now before us are several of a public or political character, which, though inconveniently elaborate and voluminous, contain a large amount of valuable and interesting information. We have a Report\* on the Conduct of the War, in three thick volumes, from the Committee of both Houses appointed in 1864. This body, over which Senator Wade presided, was selected exclusively from among extreme Republicans, and at a period when party feeling in the North ran very high. General McClellan had been removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac in 1862, and the universal opinion of the troops, and that of a very considerable portion of the Northern people, regarded him as an ill-used man. He had taken a very decided line in regard to the manner and spirit in which the war was to be waged; acting consistently upon the principle which the Federal Government had been forced to adopt in respect of exchanges and other military measures, and which had been recognised by the Supreme Court, that the Confederates were *de facto* a belligerent nation, entitled to all the privileges and courtesies of legitimate war. Accordingly, he insisted on treating the State of Virginia as a civilized invader would treat an enemy's country—respecting private property and non-combatant citizens, and directing hostilities solely against the army in the field and the fortified towns. The Government did not acquiesce in this policy, nor did the people approve it. The defeat of Bull Run, which gave the South at the outset a great majority of prisoners, had, indeed, determined the treatment of soldiers taken in arms. But, though forced to treat the Confederate soldiers as enemies, Mr. Lincoln refused to treat the Confederate States as a hostile country according to the usages of modern warfare. The non-combatants who adhered to the Confederacy were rebels, threatened with martial law, with deportation, and with every punishment short of the legal penalties of treason. The chiefs of the South were traitors, whose houses were to be destroyed and their property seized. This view was savagely carried out by Pope in Virginia, by Sheridan in the Valley of Shenandoah, and by Sherman in South Carolina; but it was steadily resisted by McClellan, and this was the principal cause of the disfavour with which he was from the first regarded by the Government. As an injured man and a popular general, he was thought by the Democratic party the most available candidate whom they could oppose to President Lincoln; and he was accordingly put forward as their representative in the Presidential contest. The Committee, therefore, were a knot of Republican partisans sitting in judgment on the Democratic candidate; and this fact is the clue to the tone of their Report and the line of examination pursued. In the Army of the Potomac all the best officers respected, and were attached to, McClellan, and regretted his removal. General Hooker was the only officer of high rank who had embraced the opposite side. Accordingly, the whole course of the investigation and the arguments of the Report are directed to damage Burnside and Meade, and to retrieve the credit of Hooker; to depreciate the really capable Democratic officers, and to excuse the signal failure of the boastful and incompetent Republican who, at the head of 140,000 men against 60,000, lost the battle of Chancellorsville and demoralized his army. The party spirit of the Committee is so manifest in every sentence that none can possibly mistake it who have that clue to its objects which is furnished by the politics of the day, and it renders their work utterly worthless and unreliable.

Another "blue-book" of greater value, but at the same time of far greater dryness, is the Report of the Land Office† for 1866. The general result of its statements is that there are in the whole territory of the United States nearly 1,500 millions of acres of public land, of which about one-third has been surveyed. About seventy millions are granted, or set apart to be granted, for the support of educational institutions, and 157 millions are destined to be appropriated by Railway Companies, and so forth; the remainder is, as our readers know, granted on terms so easy that almost any man who is willing to undergo the hardships of a Western life, and has means to reach the unsettled lands, can obtain possession of a farm of 160 acres—such being the extent of each "section" marked out by the surveyors to form a separate homestead.

A most important volume is an account of the various manufactures and agricultural productions of Massachusetts, compiled from statistics collected under an Act of the State Legislature by Mr. Oliver Warner‡, Secretary of the Commonwealth. By far the

greater part of the volume is occupied with tables, in which the various branches of industry in each county are separately given; but only the final summary, in which the figures representing the whole production of the State are set forth, will have any interest for foreigners. The cotton manufacture in its manifold branches is the chief industry of the Puritan State, and the amount produced in 1865 was valued at about 83,000,000 dollars. The woollen manufactures amounted to sixty millions, the hardware to fifty, the boots and shoes to fifty, and the agricultural produce to eighty millions. The total productions of the State were reckoned at 517,000,000 dollars, against 295,000,000 dollars in 1855. The capital employed was, ten years ago, about 120,000,000 dollars; it is now 174,000,000 dollars, an amount which is surely very disproportionate to the annual production, even in a country which has not yet had leisure to rival the accumulations of the Old World, and whose wealth, no doubt, is more productive than that of a long-settled community. Of all the States of America, Massachusetts is that which in economical circumstances and social condition most resembles England; with a soil inadequate to the maintenance of her population, with great manufactures, and with many of the habits and tendencies of an ancient, as distinguished from a colonial, community. But her comparative agricultural poverty is probably less real than apparent, being due rather to the proximity of great grain-growing regions than to the insignificance of her own agriculture. She may be able to feed as large a proportion of her inhabitants as England can, although the money price of her crops bears so small a ratio to that of her manufactures.

The hardships of a journey to the Far West have few parallels in the Old World. Except for their greater length and the additional peril incurred from the hostility of fanatical or marauding tribes, the travels of those adventurers who have traversed the wilds of Central Asia scarcely involved more of physical suffering, or demanded more courage and resolution, than a journey across the Rocky Mountains. But the conditions of American and Asiatic travel are in other respects as unlike as well can be imagined. In the West, many of the appliances of civilization are in use amid scenes as wild and savage as those of Bokhara or Tartary; stage-coaches jolt and bump over a track which will not for years to come deserve the name of a road, and railway-cars land their passengers hundreds of miles beyond the bounds of cultivated and settled lands. After traversing mountain ranges but seldom trodden by white men, after camping out for many nights among rocks or snow or pine woods, the traveller may chance to light upon an inn which boasts as many of the comforts and refinements of civilization as are to be found in the most frequented hostleries on the Rhine; and in some village of log-huts, where the streets are but deep streams of mud, and whose only industry is the rudest form of mining or gold-washing, he may be ushered into a bedroom fitted up in the style of the Fifth Avenue, and may be invited to deliver a lecture at an Athenaeum or in a Town-hall, to audiences less numerous and somewhat less elaborately dressed than he has left in Boston or Philadelphia, but not less intelligent or less courteous. In some out-of-the-way cabin of two or three rooms the party may be welcomed, with all the hospitality of the East, by a host and hostess born and bred among the "upper ten thousand" of the Empire City; and may enjoy the notes of an Erard's piano before they turn in to sleep on the parlour-floor between a pair of soiled and half-worn blankets. At the next stage they may be indebted for shelter to the rough kindness of some rude gold-digger, and pay more for a "square meal" of pork fat and Indian corn than for a day's board in a New York hotel. Such are the varied scenes recorded by Mr. Bayard Taylor among the experiences of his "Summer Trip in Colorado", a journey undertaken apparently partly in quest of health, and partly for the sake of studying the character and resources of the newest and last explored of American States. For factions and sectional interests have made States of settlements which, under the old and regular practice of the Constitution, would have remained in the Territorial condition for at least ten years longer; of countries which, whatever their natural wealth and future prospects, are as yet but dotted here and there with the habitations of the hardy and enterprising pioneers of Western civilization. Nevertheless, young as the State of Colorado is, she can boast of decayed towns and deserted "cities"—of places like Montgomery and Breckenridge, which have sunk from importance to insignificance as rapidly as they had risen, and whose population of four or five thousand has dwindled to as many hundreds. There are, however, no ruins, the dwellings of the departed citizens having served as fuel to those who remain; and the settlers have not been driven away from the State by the hardships of their lives or the unpromising nature of the enterprise, but attracted to other points by the appearance of greater or more easily attainable wealth. The country is evidently destined, if we may trust Mr. Taylor's account, to attain great eventual prosperity. It has not the same attractions for the ordinary class of gold-seekers that were presented by California and Victoria; its metallic treasures are not generally accessible to the rude and simple processes at the command of individual miners, and the portion to be obtained by such means appears to be already almost exhausted. But there are vast quantities of gold and silver in the depths of the mountains, mixed for the most part with copper and lead. The ores are rich as well as abundant, and at present some Companies find sufficient remuneration in processes which

\* Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War at the Second Session, Thirty-eighth Congress. 3 vols. Washington: Government Printing-Office. London: Trübner & Co.

† Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for the Year 1866. Washington: Government Printing-Office. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ Statistical Information relating to certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts for the Year ending May 1, 1865. By Oliver Warner, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston: Wright & Potter. London: Trübner & Co.

\* Colorado. A Summer Trip. By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.



enable them only to extract a portion of the more precious metal, and sacrifice the far greater quantity of copper and lead which may of itself repay the cost of production when the rapid progress of the railways which are approaching the Rocky Mountains brings them within reach of a market, and renders the transport of machinery cheap, and an ample supply of labour attainable at a reasonable price. At the time of Mr. Taylor's visit, the mining business was comparatively at a stand, waiting till some effective means of realizing the full value of the rich ores should be provided by the inventive genius of America. When this has been accomplished, and when the railways reach the gold-producing districts, Colorado will be enabled to develop her natural resources with a rapidity unequalled even in the wonderful progress of the sister States. Men talk of sending the ores to Wales to be smelted, declaring that the baser metal alone would amply repay the whole cost; but as the country possesses coal-beds of its own excellently suited and amply sufficient for all its possible needs, it will probably prefer to do all its work at home, and export its produce in the most complete and portable shape. The discoveries of late years show that the United States possess within their own frontiers such a store of mineral wealth as exists probably nowhere else in the world; and as they have already found it possible to grow almost every species of agricultural produce which the different climates of the other hemisphere supply, there is some ground for their confident expectation that their country is destined to surpass all her competitors in nearly every form of industry, and to become the greatest mining and manufacturing as well as the greatest agricultural community of the earth. Her iron and coal-beds are unrivalled; in these advantages, to the possession of which England owes so much, the undeveloped resources of the States are almost as superior to our own as ours to those of other rivals; and only a larger population and greater accumulation of capital seem needed to bring them immediately into play. It is this consciousness of resources practically inexhaustible, that makes even sensible Americans regard so complacently what appear to Old-World statesmanship the follies and extravagances of their Government. What matters, they ask, a national debt which the single Territory of Colorado could in twenty or thirty years pay off in gold? What matters an exclusive tariff to a country which contains everything she can need—which can herself produce every article of food or clothing, every implement of labour, almost every luxury to which her citizens are accustomed? No doubt the development of these productive powers is seriously hindered by the oppressive taxation and the fiscal errors of Congress; but Americans may naturally conceive that no legislative mismanagement can seriously affect the wealth of such a country, in the hands of such a people. Colorado herself is a sort of miniature of the Union. A few years ago she was supposed to be little better than a desert, rich in minerals, but almost incapable of cultivation. Mr. Taylor now affirms that there are few parts of the State in which water could not easily be found, and rich crops produced by a scientific agriculture. Already some 70,000 acres are sown with corn—sufficient to feed the whole mining population; and the Rocky Mountains themselves abound with wild fruits—strawberries, currants, gooseberries, and service-berries growing wild in profusion; while the "parks" or broad table-lands in their midst promise as excellent a pasture as any dairy farmer could desire. The climate is strangely mild—a town being built, and flourishing, at 9,000 feet above the sea-level, while the line of perpetual snow does not extend lower than 13,000; and at the former level men are able to endure the cold of winter without habitually wearing an overcoat, which is seldom the case in New York.

A very large and thick volume relates the history of Delaware County, Pennsylvania\*; containing much that is interesting and worth knowing, but repelling the ordinary reader by its ponderous bulk and the enormous mass of its contents. Surely a judicious selection might have told all that was really worth telling about the county, during the very few centuries that have elapsed since it was first brought within the scope of history, in a fifth part of this space. In striking contrast to this heavy work is a small volume on the colony of Maryland†, giving a concise account of its history down to the War of Independence—a book which frightens no one by its size or appearance, and yet contrives to tell most of what was necessary to be known, not about a county, but about a State.

A volume on the United States' Debt and Taxation, by Mr. Gibbons‡, contains some elaborate and useful tables, giving a view of the history, the technical character, and the legal conditions attaching to the various loans by which the Federal Government obtained the supplies required to meet the enormous expenses of the Confederate war. The writer is strongly opposed to all proposals to pay off the debt by permanently maintaining the present rate of taxation, which he pronounces to be so oppressive as to hinder the productive power of the country to a far greater degree than could

be compensated by the relief which the payment of debt would afford. This is, of course, a question of fact; and unfortunately Mr. Gibbons neither produces the facts by which it must be decided, nor appears to entertain a very distinct notion of the economic conditions which determine the comparative expediency of reducing debt and remitting taxation. But as there can be little doubt that the proportion of the debt to the wealth of the nation—its relative burden—will rapidly diminish, while the falling value of money tends to reduce its positive burden, it would seem hardly wise to retain such taxes as are proved to exercise a disastrous influence on different branches of industry for the sake of reducing the burdens of a posterity which will be far better able to bear them than the present generation. None of the alarms of dwindling natural resources, which rendered Mr. Gladstone so eager an advocate of reduction in England, apply to America; while the American fiscal system is one which England would not endure for a twelvemonth.

Mr. G. W. Blunt publishes a scientific and practical treatise on storms of the peculiar class called cyclones, of which the primary object is indicated by the title, *The Way to Avoid the Centre of our Violent Gales*.\* It will, no doubt, be interesting and valuable to actual and intending seamen, and to students of meteorology.

Mr. Craig's Decimal System† is a little collection of tables setting forth the relation of French and English weights and measures, carefully compiled, but containing nevertheless certain apparent contradictions not easy to explain. In one table a peck is made= 8.8 litres; in another the litre is made= 2.3 peck, which gives the peck=about 4.3 litres; and there are other discrepancies of a similar character. There may be an explanation of these; but it should be, and is not, apparent on the face of the tables.

*Maga Papers about Paris*‡, and *Maga Stories*§, belong to a series of "Railway Classics" issued by Mr. Putnam, which may, we hope, stimulate the emulation of those who furnish our own railroad literature. In all but the size of the type they are excellently executed.

*Good English*|| is a strict but not pedantic criticism on a variety of abuses of language, English and American, which are for the most part too common to be called vulgar.

*Popular Pastimes*¶ is a manual of amusement from which most readers may learn the rules of many new games, out-door and fireside, and something of graver occupations, as gardening, drawing, and so forth. We recommend it to any one who may be called upon to provide amusement for a Christmas party, or for a party of children at any season.

An elaborate series of maps and plans\*\*, illustrating the different schemes for railroads or canals through Central America, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, forms the last work on our list. We do not profess to have an opinion upon the matter, but those who wish to form one will certainly find these maps an indispensable assistance in the task. They seem to have been compiled with extreme care, and executed with equal pains.

\* *The Way to Avoid the Centre of our Violent Gales*. Compiled by G. W. Blunt. New York: Blunt & Nicols. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

† *Weights and Measures on the Decimal System, with Tables of Conversion for Commercial and Scientific Uses*. By E. F. Craig, M.D. New York: D. Van Nostrand. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *Putnam's Railway Classics: Maga Papers about Paris*. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: Putnam.

§ *Maga Stories*. New York: Putnam. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

|| *Good English, or Popular Errors in Language*. By E. S. Gould, Author of "Abridgement of Alison's Europe," &c. New York: W. J. Widdleton. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

¶ *Popular Pastimes for Field and Fireside, or Amusements for Young and Old*. Carefully compiled by Aunt Carrie. Springfield, Mass.: Milton, Bradley, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

\*\* *Interoceanic Railroads and Canals*. Report of the Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Observatory. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

The Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company have addressed to us a Letter, which we are unable to insert, in answer to some comments on their proceedings in an article of last week on the Money-Market. In explanation of the statement that they had issued new shares to the amount of two-fifths of their former capital, they refer to the Report of the Parliamentary Committee of 1866, which recommends that tenders should be issued for re-organized and more frequent postal services. Their inference that the new capital is required to enable the Peninsular and Oriental Company to tender for the forthcoming contract is certainly reasonable. On the other hand, it cannot be disputed that, if the approaching cessation of dividend had been foreseen, it would have been impossible to float the shares. The Directors challenge the assertion of the SATURDAY REVIEW that the last half-year's dividend gave no indication of decline, and they state with more literal accuracy that there was a difference, as compared with the corresponding half-year of 1865, of one per cent. in the dividend. The Peninsular and Oriental dividends are not declared half-yearly, and the decline in the year from ten to nine per cent. was fully explained by the loss of a large vessel. It would have been more correct to say that the reduction of dividend gave no indication of collapse. In so disastrous a year as 1866, a nine per cent. dividend excited

\* *History of Delaware County, Pennsylvania, from the Discovery of the Territory to the Present Time*. With a Notice of the Geology of the County, &c. By G. Smith, M.D. Philadelphia: H. B. Ashmead. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Terra Maria: or Threads of Maryland Colonial History*. By E. D. Neill, one of the Secretaries to the President of the United States. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

‡ *The Public Debt of the United States, its Organization, its Liquidation; Administration of the Treasury, the Financial System*. By J. S. Gibbons, Author of the "Banks of New York and the Clearing House." New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

little surprise or alarm. In answer to the allegation that the first instalment of the new shares was due at the close of the half-year, the Directors state that the distant accounts are slow in arriving, and that they frequently cause unexpected fluctuations. The Directors do not assert that on the 30th of March they had any reasonable expectation of a dividend. A concluding statement that the shareholders neither regret their recent investment nor waver in their faith in the Board must be satisfactory to all concerned. It may be admitted, however, that the Directors may claim fair consideration on the ground that they have for many years administered the affairs of the Company with remarkable success.

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**MUSICAL UNION. — RUBINSTEIN, VIEUXTEMPS,** and JACQUARD, with RIES and GOFFRIE, Tuesday, June 25. Quartet in G, Beethoven; Duo, Piano and Violin, A minor, Op. 15 (first time), Rubinstein; Andante and Scherzo, Posthumous Quartet, Mendelssohn; Largo and Scherzo, Op. 62, Piano and Violoncello, Chopin. Solos, Pianoforte, Rubinstein. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the usual places. No Free Admissions will be given to the remaining Matinees, the Press excepted, and Artists who have played at the M.U. Visitors can pay at St. James's Hall on giving their Names at the Regent Street entrance.

J. ELLA, Director, 18 Hanover Square.

**MR. SIMS REEVES'S NATIONAL BALLAD CONCERT,** Monday Evening, July 1, Exeter Hall, Eight o'clock. — Selections will be given from Standard Operas: — "Arlaxerxes," "Beggars' Opera," "The Farmer's Wife," "Nourjahad," "Rival Beauties," "Mountain Sylph," &c. &c. Miss Louisa Price, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Lucy Franklin, Madame Patey-Whytock; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Mr. Lindsay Sloper. Harp, Mr. John Thomas. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, and F. Land. Stalls, 5s.; Area, 3s.; West Gallery, 2s.; Admission, 1s. — Addison & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Addison & Co., 210 Regent Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48 Chesapeake; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly; and at 6 Exeter Hall.

**BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,** in aid of the Funds of the BIRMINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL. TWENTY-NINTH CELEBRATION. On Tuesday, the 27th, Wednesday, the 28th, Thursday, the 29th, and Friday, the 30th August.

Patrons.  
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

President.—The Right Hon. the Earl BEAUCHAMP.

Vice-Presidents.—The NOBILITY and GENTRY of the MIDLAND COUNTIES.  
April 30, 1867. By Order, WILLIAM R. HUGHES, Secretary.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Now most Delightful. Park and Gardens in great beauty. Arrangements for Coming Week: MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY. Shilling Days. WEDNESDAY. GREAT FESTIVAL BENEFIT CONCERT. Admission by payment at doors, 10s. 6d.; or by Tickets, if purchased this day (Saturday), 5s.; or on Monday or Tuesday, 7s. 6d. SATURDAY.—GREAT ROSE SHOW of the SEASON. Admission, 5s.; or by Half-Crown Tickets, if secured beforehand. Guinea Season Tickets Free.

**ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,** South Kensington, W.—The GREAT ROSE SHOW will be held on Tuesday, July 2. Band of the Scots Fusilier Guards from Four. Admission by Tickets purchased before the 2nd—Fellows' Friends, 3s. 6d.; Public, 5s.; or on the day, 7s. 6d.

**THE GREAT ROSE SHOW.**—TICKETS can be bought at Mitchell's, Lacon's, Ollivier's, Bond Street; Westerton's, Knightsbridge; Mellish's, Westbourne Grove; or Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, Chesapeake.

**MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, Mr. JOHN PARRY, and Miss SUSAN GALTON,** in their New Entertainment, "A DREAM IN VENICE," by T. W. Rosseter, after which a New Domestic Scene, entitled "MERRY-MAKING," by Mr. John PARRY. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday at Three.—Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

**METAMORPHOSES.**—Every Night at Eight, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. In conjunction with the great, sensational Optical Illusion will be introduced a Humorous Reading by Joss Manasse's Monkeys, &c. (Author of "Box and Cox," &c. &c.), entitled "MY WEDDING," by a confirmed "Old Bachelor." Day Performances, Wednesday and Saturday, at Three. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street; and at the Box Office, from Ten till Five. General Manager, Mr. H. Mearing.

**INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.**—The THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 33 Pall Mall, nearly opposite Marlborough House.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.** The SIXTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

**FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.**—The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE—The MARRIAGE OF H.R.H.** the PRINCE OF WALES—painted expressly for and by command of Her Majesty by W. P. Frith, R.A., is, by special permission, NOW EXHIBITING at the Fine Art Gallery, 11 Haymarket, daily, from Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s.

**THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART,** 25 Old Bond Street.—This Exhibition is NOW OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

**SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL** in FOREIGN PARTS.—ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY, 1867.—On Wednesday, June 26th, the ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Sermon will be preached by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Divine Service to commence at Half-past Three o'clock p.m. The full choir of the Cathedral will be augmented by the Choirs of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, &c. On Thursday, June 27, there will be an early Celebration of Holy Communion at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, at Half-past Eight a.m.; and in the Evening a Festival Service will be celebrated in the Nave of Westminster Abbey. The Sermon will be preached by the Very Rev. W. C. Maule, D.D., Dean of Cork. Divine Service, with a full choir, to commence at Seven o'clock.

On Friday, June 28, the Annual Meeting for the City of London will (by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor) be held in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, at Two o'clock in the Afternoon. Tickets may be obtained at the Office, 5 Park Place, St. James's Street; Burrell's, 13 Piccadilly; Rivington's, 3 Waterloo Place; and at 4 Royal Exchange; or from any Parochial or District Secretary of the Society.

**RITUALISM. — CLERICAL VESTMENTS BILL.**—An important PUBLIC MEETING, to Protest against the Spread of Ritualism, and to support the Earl of Shaftesbury's Bill, will be held in St. James's Hall, on Thursday, June 27, at Half-past Two p.m. J. CAMPBELL COLQUHOUN, Esq., will preside, and will be supported by the leading Trinitarian Laymen who will address the Meeting. By special request of the Committee, the Rev. H. W. McNeill, D.D., of Liverpool, will attend and speak on the occasion. Tickets may be had at the Offices of the Church Association, 12 York Buildings, W.C.; of Messrs. Hatchard & Co., Piccadilly; Hunt & Co., Holles Street; Burrell's, 13 Piccadilly; E.C.; Seeley, Jackson, & Co., Fleet Street; B. Seeley, Islington Green; Waterman, Knightsbridge; Mackintosh, Paternoster Row.

**FREE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Kensington.**—Minister, the Rev. W. H. CHANNING (biographer of the Rev. Dr. Channing). Sunday Services at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m.; at TEMPORARY ROOMS, Newton House, Church Street, W.

**MALVERN COLLEGE.**—The LEA SCHOLARSHIP, worth £30 per annum, for three years; and the Council Exhibition of £50, for one year; the Holder to be re-eligible at the next Election.

The EXAMINATION for these SCHOLARSHIPS will begin on Wednesday, July 2. Candidates must be below fifteen years of age on the day of Examination, and allowances will be made for difference of age.

Testimonials to be sent by July 20 to the Head-Master, of whom also any further information may be asked. Head-Master.—The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

**BEDFORD COLLEGE (for Ladies), 48 and 49 Bedford Square.**—The PROFESSORSHIP OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE is now Vacant. Candidates are requested to send in applications, with Testimonials, before July 10.—Particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, at the College.

JANE MARTINEAU, Hon. Sec.

**ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, New Cross, conducted on the** Public School system, for qualifying Boys (whether Sons of Naval and Marine Officers or not) for the Universities, Army, Navy, Civil Service, and Mercantile Pursuits.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

President.—Admiral Sir W. BOWLES, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom.

Head-Master.—The Rev. C. W. ARNOLD, M.A., Trinity Coll. Cambridge.

The Midsummer Vacation will terminate on Wednesday, the 31st of July next. The Terms for the Board and Education of the Sons of Gentlemen, not being Naval or Marine Officers, are Fifty Guineas, which includes Books, Stationery, Washing, and Medical Attendance.

The regular Course of Instruction comprises Classics, Mathematics, English, French, and German; Accomplishments are extra. There is Divine Service in the School Chapel. A large Swimming Bath and Gymnasium are erected on the Premises. A list of the Prizes, Scholarships, and Cadetships, and any further information may be obtained of the Secretary.

By Order of the Council,

New Cross, Kent, S.E., June 22, 1867.

ALFRED EAMES, Secretary.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, DIRECT COMMISSIONS,** INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, &c.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Chaplain and Assistant-Professor and Examiner, for Nineteen Years, in the late Royal Indian Military College, Addiscombe, continues to prepare PUPILS for the above.—Address, Bromsgrove House, Croydon, S.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, THE LINE, the UNIVER-** SITIES, and all COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.—EIGHT PUPILS are prepared for the above by the Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Coll. Cambridge, and late Professor in the R.I.M. College, Addiscombe.—Address, The Lines, Croydon, S.

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**INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.**—Further Examinations.—Mr. COTTON MATHER, having a few Hours disengaged, will be happy to read with GENTLEMEN in ORIENTAL LANGUAGES and POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Address, 29 Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

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**DIRECT COMMISSIONS, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST,** &c.—A MILITARY TUTOR, who has prepared upwards of Two Hundred Candidates for the above, has VACANCIES in consequence of Five of his Pupils having recently passed their Examination.—For Prospectus, address A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.

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**THE Rev. JOHN B. MCLELLAN, M.A.,** late Fellow of Trinity Coll. Cam., and Vicar of Botsallham, near Cambridge, receives FOUR PUPILS to prepare for the Universities. Terms, 200 Guineas to 300 Guineas.

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